

# ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 33.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

## Antioch Home News.

Masons are at work on the foundation of Geo. Olcott's new residence.

Our new office is now ready for occupancy and we will soon be in shape to attend to all business in our line.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Stone are the happy parents of a girl baby, born last week.

A number of our villagers have been on the sick list.

At the school meeting last Saturday evening the proposition to build was defeated by a large majority. H. G. Dardis was elected Director. In regard to this school house question we will say something in a future issue, as we are satisfied that the majority are in favor of building, but naturally, and justly too, the tax payers feel that they have a right to know something about the proposed cost of the building.

C. O. Foltz is occupying the Emmons store with a new and select line of general merchandise and will be pleased to see all his old patrons and many more new ones.

Miss Addie Shaffer has returned from her winter vacation and has a new stock of spring millinery which she will be pleased to show the ladies of this vicinity. At present she is located in the old Moon house, opposite Williams Bros. new store. Miss Shaffer lost her entire stock, valued at about \$400 in the recent fire and will appreciate the renewed and increased patronage of her friends. Call on her and show that you appreciate the enterprise of our plucky milliner.

The roads are drying up but are still terrible rough.

Ye editor has been quite sick for the past ten days, which accounts for no paper appearing last week. Too much exposure at the fire and too much "gripe" afterwards is mainly the cause.

The enterprise of bro. Chinn is indeed commendable. No sooner had the fire cleaned out his buildings than he set to work to bring order out of chaos and a new brick building on the old site is the probable result in the near future. Such men as Chinn are made of the right kind of metal and are a decided advantage to any town. Instead of sitting down with folded hands when his buildings were totally lost without a dollars insurance, he goes bravely to work to repair the loss in the face of obstacles that would have daunted almost any other man. Bravo neighbor Chinn you deserve success and the NEWS sincerely hopes it will crown your efforts.

Mr. George Johnson and Miss Minnie Hancock both of this vicinity, were married on Monday last at Burlington Wis. The NEWS extends congratulations and wishes them a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. Joseph Barnstable's new house in Bock's addition is nearing completion and will make a handsome addition to that part of town when finished.

Mr. J. Welch, our enterprising marble man, will soon commence the erection of a new shop for his monumental work on ground a little way east of the building he now occupies.

The carpenter work on Lyman Grice's new hotel is being rapidly pushed forward. Confer Bros. have the work in charge.

The carpenters have commenced work on Mr. N. Pullens new residence in Bock's addition.

For SALE or will trade for a good team of horses, n. No. 1 Piano.

Enquire at this office.

## TREVOR, WIS.

The roads are no better for travel than they have been for two or three weeks; it is almost impossible to haul anything of a load at present and still it rains occasionally.

There is not much news on account of the weather.

Mrs. J. V. Barhyte's some better and may get up again but is quite low.

N. Crowley seems to be on the gain slowly.

The TREVORITE missed last week's issue for the first time since it commenced life, and it is to be hoped it will not have to do so again on account of fire.

Frank Brown is home again from Winona where he has been all winter. He intends to move back soon to work for number company.

Ed Adams of Kosha, (the pump man) has been at D. C. Stewart's three or four days on account of weather and bad roads. He has the best wind mill in use.

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## DEPARTMENT OF THE INTET OR GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats. and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 6, 1890, that Netts Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2371 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the realty, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff, Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

## GRAY'S LAKE.

Mrs. Gardiner is putting the hotel in good shape to receive her summer guests.

Miss Partridge's school began on Monday with a good attendance.

Miss Corn Edwards was out from the city a few days last week visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, of Ohio, have been spending a few days with Mr. J. Longabough. Mrs. Stephens is a sister of Mr. Longabough. They speak well of our village.

We are glad to see Mrs. W. B. Higley and Miss Whitehead on our streets again.

John C. Murrie has received about 700 bushels of choice potatoes, which are going off fast. They are good for seed or eating. Call before they are all gone.

Neville Bros. have received their new boiler and other fixings for the Big Hollow butter factory. They must have had quite a time yesterday in taking it out, as the roads are bad. Frank Fisher will be the boss man.

J. R. Kiel went to the city on the 20th to buy new goods. He reports trade good.

Geo. Battershall went to the city last week to buy goods.

Mrs. J. H. Phelps has a full line of military, ladies' underwear, etc. Call and see her.

Weber & Novill have goods in—a large and well assorted stock of lumber—and is doing a good trade.

Mr. R. D. Parker passed through this place last week and had just time to shake hands with a few old friends.

The painters are busy at work on Mr. John Hook's new house. McCready & Co. are doing some good work. The inside graining is very nice and when completed will be one of the best residences in the place.

John Morrell left for Chicago Monday morning where he intends to do dryading. He has a span of good horses and a new wagon which was supplied through C. M. Reed.

## LIBERTYVILLE.

Rev. Pomeroy attended an association of the district at Elsiviers Monday and Tuesday last.

Our roads are getting no better very fast. Between this place and Rondout, the ruts are cut to the hubs and from fence to fence, making the roads almost impassable.

Mr. John Price is contracting some brick buildings in Waukegan. John is a good builder, and those who let him work can rest assured their work will be rightly done.

C. R. Sherman was called home by the serious sickness of his parents, on Sunday last.

Messrs. Schanck, Don and Frank Wright visited Chicago last Monday.

L. B. Hanby has returned from New York.

J. W. Miller shipped two car loads of stock on Tuesday evening.

Mr. John Taylor is among us once more, called by the serious illness of Ell Triggs.

E. W. Dusenberry is setting up a press at the Union stock yards.

Mr. A. B. Cook is painting his front fence.

Mrs. Orrin Luce is reported quite sick.

## GLENCOE.

There are prospects of a new railroad depot this spring.

Mrs. J. L. Day has returned from Florida.

Mrs. G. M. Clark, Mrs. Alice Clark and Robin Clark are to visit England in June.

Dr. Knight has been busy almost night and day during the past few weeks, as Dr. Wheeler has been unable to ride.

Rob. Proctor's family had callers from Chicago over Sunday.

Messrs. Ed Appley and Frank Dusenberry viewed the sights in Waukegan on Monday last.

Mr. Dan McCormick is confined to the house.

Miss Edith Davis and Miss Nellie Galloway have both been unable to attend their respective duties during the past week.

A Japanese student at the Evanson University will deliver a lecture in the chapel on Sunday night, May 3d. Subject, "Customs of Japan and Missionary Work in Japan."

Mr. Ed. Appley has gone to Waukegan to work at carpenter work with John Atridge.

Mr. J. E. Ballard has moved into his new house on Park avenue, and is erecting a shed to his barn.

A lady teacher from Normal Park is stopping for a few weeks at J. B. Allanson's.

MARRIED—At the residence of Geo. Vowler, April 16, 1891, by Rev. Pomeroy, Mr. Henry Darby, of Libertyville, to Mrs. Jennie McDougall, of Wellington, Kas.

At our village election on Tuesday a mixed ticket was elected. Our board now stands four to three in favor of license. The elected are: I. S. Gleason, president; E. W. Parkhurst, Robt. Proctor, Edwin Cook, trustees. Police Magistrate W. E. Davis and Clerk E. L. Dubois had no opposition.

## LAKE ZURICH

Frequent rains, worse roads.

Have you begun house-cleaning?

L. H. Fleke has returned to the city.

Miss Clara Prouty has gone to Elgin.

Real estate dealers were out from the city this week.

The lumber has arrived for John Robertson's new house.

A car load of potatoes at \$1.40 per bushel were put on sale this week.

We are pleased to learn that Ernest Branding is up and around again.

It is hoped that our tonsorial artist John, will open up his shaving parlor this week.

It is reported that we will soon have a train direct to the city going by way of Rondout on the St. Paul road.

Mr. D. J. Gilroy and Chas. Selp visited at Waukegan Sunday, returning Monday.

Are we to have gravel roads? If so, it is about time the matter was being thought of and some effort made. A gravel pit has been discovered on the farm of August Miller which is good news as Mr. Miller will sell it so our roads can be put in shape.

Why not form an Improvement Club in Zurich. We need agitators to get improvements.

On account of the severe rains the past week the farmers have been put back considerably in their work.

Mr. F. P. Clark transacted business at Waukegan Friday.

Mr. E. O. Hinsche, of Chicago, came out to visit his folks, and took occasion to call upon old friends.

At the school meeting last Saturday night Mr. Wm. Hillman was chosen for director to fill H. Pepper's place, whose time expired.

Mr. G. Ross, of Wayne, Ill., was in town on business.

The railroad company will soon build a round-house at this place, and we will have a Zurich train to the city.

All report a pleasant time at the party last Sunday night, given by Mr. G. Fuss.

Roadmaster Cooper, with his gang of men, are stopping at the Zurich House.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thies had their child christened at the German church last Sunday.

Subscriptions for papers and magazines received at this office at publishers' rates.

Mr. Jake Sigwalt has gone to Addison to work in a cheese factory.

The lawsuit between Wilson (plaintiff) and Blerman (defendant) did not appear before Squire Huntington, as the latter paid all costs and damages, which settled the case, we understand. Now!

H. Lehman is very busy selling machinery nowadays. Remember he can supply you with anything in his line and at bed-rock prices.

Early last Sunday morning the inhabitants of our peaceful retreat were awakened from their slumbers by the loud cry that some one had committed suicide by hanging; the vague rumor was held when it was learned that the corpse was swinging from a pole at the corner of Clark street and Lake avenue. Sure enough, it did not escape our observation, as we approached the object of our search and learned the true state of the rumor afloat. It was only one of our citizens hung in effigy. It was finally cut down by request and made away with. The event is receiving considerable consideration at the hands of the people. It seems very strange to us that none of these night raiders can be detected and for once the laws practically applied for such misdemeanors.

Several new houses are in contemplation and soon we may hear the busy stroke of the hammer and the boughs of the saw in our midst. That is as it ought to be, for have we not the most beautiful surroundings of any part in the state?

Julius Stickert and family have moved to Deerfield to reside.

Get one of those latest style—at the post office store.

Always stick to the NEWS. It is your home paper, no matter if you are poor. Remember none are so poor as the ignorant, except the depraved, and they often go together. Pay up your subscription promptly, advertise liberally and all the time rely upon it.

The natural pride of the publisher will prompt him to improve it as rapidly as possible. We don't lay claim to a great store of ability; the fact is we have just sense enough to know we are not going to be killed or frightened out of our wits when a man comes up snappish and cross as a bear, just because he has been made up of hoodlums. We are always glad to be able to right a wrong in the columns of our paper, but we wish to state the facts in every instance.

When a man becomes so narrow-minded as to get mad because everybody don't march when he toots his little horn, he wants to emigrate to heathendom where his brethren are.

Now is the time to get your wagons and buggies painted. J. C. Meyer is an artist in this line.

A marked improvement is noticed on the butcher-shop of Hillman Bros., and extensive improvements are being made.

There are certain ones around here who are too loose with their tongues. Their talk may bring them to trouble if they are not careful.

As we go to press one day earlier than usual this week, we are compelled to omit the particulars of the Blerman &amp

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

David Henry Edwards, a farmer living near Mifflin City, Ind., was instantly killed by a tree falling on him.

A party of mountaineers rode into a tan bark camp near Rockwood, Tenn., and shot and killed six negroes and wounded ten.

At the last meeting of the present board of aldermen of Chicago the remuneration of the inspectors of oils and of boilers was reduced one-half.

The year option in wheat advanced 13 cents at San Francisco, Cal.

Gen. Gibbon, commander of the military division of the Pacific, has been placed on the retired list.

Another victim of the poisoning at a wedding feast in Linton, Ky., V. B. Snooks, father of the groom, has died.

A committee of the Lower House of the Minnesota Legislature recommended that Deputy Warden Lemon be discharged because of his inhuman treatment of convicts.

Rhode Island's Senators decline to act in their world's fair appropriation bill until their present fears, occasioned by the report of the commissioners, are allayed.

Col. Thomas J. Schatz, the Maryland historian, has presented the Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore, Md., with one of the most valuable collections of Americana in this country.

A young couple who registered at the Grand Union hotel in New York as P. Behrend and wife were found dead in their room, locked in each other's arms, having committed suicide by inhaling gas through rubber tubes.

A party of mountaineers rode into a tan bark camp near Rockwood, Tenn., and shot and killed six negroes and wounded ten.

Several villages on the lower St. Lawrence river have been flooded by high water and great loss and inconvenience caused.

Employees of the Kentucky Union railroad and mountaineers whom the road owed for timber destroyed twenty-five miles of the track.

Miss Wilma Schuck, a Pittsburgh organist, has married John Taylor, whom she charged with circulating scandalous stories about her.

While workmen were engaged in removing an unexploded charge which had been prepared for a blast in a stone quarry near Norristown, Pa., it exploded, killing two Italians and dangerously wounding another.

A mass-meeting in Bloomington, Ill., passed resolutions opposing the opening of the world's fair Sunday.

The official census of the city of Fort Wayne, Ind., is 33,393. The suburbs of South Wayne and Riverside will increase it to 40,000.

Perry Hodges, assistant cattle inspector from the bureau of cattle industry, is located at Arkansas City, Kan., where he will label all cattle crossing the State line as southern cattle and subject to quarantine regulations.

The Delaware House has passed the Senate bill forbidding the courts to entertain applications for divorce grounded upon causes occurring in other States or countries unless such alleged causes are grounds for divorce under the law of such other State or country.

Poison in a well at Linden, Ky., a Louisville suburb, resulted in the death of one of the guests at the wedding of the daughter of Albert Burr, a prominent and wealthy farmer. Sixty of the most prominent people of the country were present and it is expected that several will die. It is thought a servant is guilty of the deed.

Fire at Little Rock, Ark., destroyed property of the value of \$500,000, with an insurance of \$200,000.

The celebrated case of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines against the city of New Orleans has been compromised and her heirs will receive \$800,000 in the settlement.

Prince Bismarck has consented to stand for re-ballot in Geestemunde, but he has also consented to become a candidate in the Lehr district. The latter is strongly con-ervative and will undoubtedly return the ex-chancellor.

Information from Buenos Ayres indicates that civil war will grow out of the complications that the presidential election will cause.

The number of deaths in Cleveland, Ohio, last week was 100. This is the largest number of deaths in one week in the history of the city.

Mrs. Catherine Dulan, of Lafayette, Ind., was fatally kicked by a horse.

The tug Alice M. Campbell is ashore near Frankfort, Mich.

A grand union church meeting at Vincennes, Ind., closed a successful revival in which all protestant denominations joined.

Tacoma is to have a permanent exposition, the last of the desired \$100,000 having been raised to begin the building.

Petitions have been filed at Ottawa, Ont., to unseat Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, and Sir Hector Langelin, Minister of Public Works, for corrupt practices.

The governor of the Creek Nation has declined to interfere with the sentence in the case of seven men who are condemned to be shot twenty miles west of Eufaula, I. T.

Charles Mumma, aged five, was burned to death by a fire in his father's barn near Wichita, Kan.

The general subscription lists for the German testimonial were closed at Baltimore. The cost of the elaborate silver service will be \$5,000. The movement has not been a popular one.

Charles Cokelair and Thomas Dobson, both living near Crawfordsville, Ind., committed suicide.

James Osborne, a prominent businessman of Bridgeport, Ill., attempted suicide by taking opium. His condition is critical.

The Michigan state military board has decided to hold this year's encampment of the state troops at Whitmore Lake, Washtenaw county, commencing July 16.

Santa Clara (Cal.) grape-growers have combined to put up the price of their vines.

The widow of the late United States Senator A. C. Dodge is dying at Burlington, Iowa.

The Kaweah colony in Tulare county, California, has come to grief. It was organized on the Hellany plan, but the leaders are said to have used the colony only as a means of enriching themselves.

General Charles S. Hamilton died at Milwaukee aged 63.

General Kilbourn Knox, Governor of the Milwaukee (Wis.) Soldiers' Home, is dead. General Knox was a member of General Sherman's staff.

Milton H. Butler, a former Chicago business man, died at Mount Clemens, Mich., aged 60 years; Anson L. Stors, a brother of the late Wilbur F. Storey, died at South Bend, Ind., aged 80 years.

A large supply of corn has been brought to light in Southern Nebraska by the recent rise in prices. The Burlington & Missouri River railroad alone is moving an average of 100 cars daily.

At Alliance, Ohio, Addie Duncan, a farmer's daughter, fell from a fence and broke her neck. Horses partly devoured the body before it was found.

At Shilohsburg, Wis., Mrs. Jacob Blotz shot and mortally wounded her brother, Henry Iver, as he was entering her house for the purpose of killing her.

Col. Charles Ogden Wood of Indiana died at Washington.

A representative of the Mexican government has been sent to El Paso to meet the Presidential party and extend an invitation to visit the City of Mexico.

Mike Bowerman, the well-known trotting horseman, was expelled by the directors of the Lexington Fair Association for non-payment of rent, but, from his story, without cause.

Dr. Sharp, of Stockton, Ill., who had expressed his approval of the lynching of the Italians at New Orleans, has received letters signed by the "Mafia" threatening him with death.

A bill appropriating \$50,000 for the State exhibit at the world's fair has passed both branches of the Minnesota Legislature.

Friday Enos V. Garrett, a retired merchant of Westchester, Pa., shot and killed himself. Major Benjamin F. Talbot committed suicide at Boston while crazed with la grippe.

In an altercation at Iron River, Mich., City Marshal William Leroy and Richard Williams, a corn-cob maker, were dangerously wounded. Leroy may not recover and Williams lost his left arm. Williams was raising disturbance on the street, and Marshal Leroy ordered him to desist.

Five flights of stairs in Vice-President Morton's Washington hotel, the Shoreham, fell into the cellar. The accident disclosed an appalling degree of carelessness and bad workmanship in the construction of the building.

At Knoxville, Tenn., a crowd became disgusted with the circus performance and tore the tent to pieces. Several persons were injured and the show driven out of town.

Mrs. Catherine Gaebler, mother of the late Edmund Juessen and aunt of Carl Schurz, died at Milwaukee, aged 80 years.

It is estimated at Boston that New England business men will lose \$3,000,000 by the failure of the Winner Investment company at Kansas City.

Prince Bismarck says he will insist on his right to criticize the Emperor's policy, regardless of consequences.

Attorney-General Hart of California has begun suit to dissolve the San Francisco stock exchange on the ground that it is a gambling institution.

The amount of the cotton crop brought into sight during the past week was 75,910 bales, against 29,430 bales for the corresponding period last year.

**A WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.**

**A Litigated Match and Room Full of Gas Cause a Tragedy.**

Muncie, Ind., telegram: During the absence of the family, Mrs. Samuel Hardesty, residing twelve miles northeast of this city, met with a horrible death. She had left the house to milk a cow, leaving the natural gas burning from a jet in the kitchen. The flame was blown out by the wind and on re-entering the room the woman lighted a match. She had no sooner done this than a terrible explosion followed and the whole room for an instant was in a blaze.

Mrs. Hardesty was knocked senseless, and when she regained consciousness it was only to find her self enduring the most agonizing pain, with her flesh fairly cooking under her blazing clothes. She tore the burning garments off, assisted by others who had been attracted to the scene by the loud report of the explosion. The helpless woman was kindly cared for, but only survived a few hours.

**ARE IN THE FIELD TO STAY.**

**The People's Party in Kansas Will Not Go Back.**

The chairman of the People's Party Central Committee has prepared an open letter which was mailed to the Alliance papers throughout the State denouncing Frank McGrath, president of the Alliance, for his circular letter to the southern farmers. The Alliance has divided in two factions, one of which opposes and the other upholds McGrath.

The anti-McGrath faction is pleased with the reply of President Livingston of the Georgia Alliance, in which he says that it was officious in McGrath to presume to dictate to the Southern Alliance.

**Policemen Did Not Stop the Riot.**

Mayo Duncan of Burlington, Iowa, has ordered an investigation of the police force concerning their action in the disgraceful saloon riot Monday in which Constable Green was nearly killed. It is charged that officers in sight of the affair made no effort to interfere.

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## SPAIN GETTING EAGER.

**SHE MAKES A GENEROUS BID FOR RECIPROCITY.**

**American Shippers to Be Favoured in the Cuban Markets at the Expense of the Spaniards.**

Madrid cablegram: The reciprocity convention between Spain and the United States, as drafted by Premier Canovas de Castillo, representing Spain, and Gen. J. W. Foster, representing the United States, is based, so far as the United States is concerned, upon the third or reciprocity section of the new American tariff law. In return for the privilege of free entry into the United States of American sugar, molasses, coffee and hides and a reduction of the duty on tea, America will obtain exemption from duties on most of her raw and manufactured products and a reduction of the tariff on cereals and flour.

The negotiations were protracted upon the question of the entire abolition of the tariff on cereals, flour and oils, including petroleum and lard. The same question in regard to tobacco was also raised, but not coming within the scope of the third section of the American tariff law was put aside. Premier Canovas offered protracted resistance to the abolition of the tariff on flour, Barcelona and Santander traders who are largely interested in flour shipments presented energetic protests, which forced the minister in his indisposition to accede to the American proposals.

Eventually representations that American reciprocity would be impossible without the free admission of American cereals induced Canovas to assent to such a reduction of the tariff as will place American flour upon a nearly equal footing with Spanish flour.

Santander merchants declare that taking into consideration the cost of the transportation of Castle grain, of which the bulk goes to the Antilles, American flour will crush out the Spanish product in the Spanish West Indies. Cuba now consumes 500,000 barrels of flour yearly, chiefly Spanish, which enters free of duty, and pays for it \$12 a barrel. Trade in American flour, burdened with an extra duty of 20 per cent since 1889, has been completely wiped out to the advantage of the Spanish product.

Under the new convention the entry of American flour practically free of duty will lower the price to about \$6 a barrel and will extinguish the importation of Spanish flour while increasing the Cuban consumption to 1,000,000 barrels yearly, all of which will be American product.

If the pressure of Spanish interests had not been counteracted by the demands of the Cuban commission of notables, who were determined to obtain reciprocity with the United States, Premier Canovas would have declined to make such concessions.

The prospect of a dangerous tension of the relations of Spain with Cuba and Porto Rico, resulting possibly in civil war, obliged the government to sacrifice home industries to colonial interests. Under the new convention America will obtain a kind of zolillo with Spain. Her wheat, beans, flour, lard, petroleum, manufactured products and machinery will enter practically free of duty. Among other Spanish exports olive oil will be replaced by American lard, and beans, now exported to Cuba in large quantities, will cease to be sent. The advantages resulting to Cuba will be great, but it is impossible to estimate the injury to Spanish trade.

**BALMACEDA'S ARMY ROUTED.**

**Seven Hundred of His Soldiers Slain and One Thousand Wounded.**

Details of the second battle of Pozo de Alvarado the rebels in the dead of night spiked all the guns of the fortress Los Andes and captured the transport Maipu without firing a gun or losing a man. In Pozo de Alvarado the loyal troops were defeated, over 1,700 of their number being killed, 1,500 wounded, and 1,000 taken prisoner. All the guns and artillery parks in the north are in the hands of the insurgents and every steamer chartered by the government to bring arms has been invariably captured by the insurgents.

The officials of the several departments are loth about giving information of any kind to the press. Many cables sent out from Chile to the effect that the government has won such and such battles are "doctored." Six outlaws who have been terrorizing the border near what is known as the peninsula have been captured. These are the outlaws who made a raid two weeks since on the ranch of Vicente Hernandez in Presidio county, Texas. They arrived at the Hernandez ranch, intending to kill the proprietor, an American, Frank Duke, who happened to be there, was killed by the first bullet and Hernandez wounded so that he died later. The bandits were beaten off by a son of the ranchman, who wounded two of them. One of the prisoners has confessed and the gang will be tried in Chihuahua and be shot or sent to the salt mines.

**Six Texas Outlaws May Be Shot.**

Six outlaws who have been terrorizing the border near what is known as the peninsula have been captured. These are the outlaws who made a raid two weeks since on the ranch of Vicente Hernandez in Presidio county, Texas. They arrived at the Hernandez ranch, intending to kill the proprietor, an American, Frank Duke, who happened to be there, was killed by the first bullet and Hernandez wounded so that he died later. The bandits were beaten off by a son of the ranchman, who wounded two of them. One of the prisoners has confessed and the gang will be tried in Chihuahua and be shot or sent to the salt mines.

**Chauncey Depew in the West.**

CHICAGO, April 12.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, H. W. McK. Trowbridge, and several other Vanderbilt officials arrived in Chicago. They will make a ten days' tour through the West.

**Took His Own Life.**

Joel E. Sheldon, a prominent merchant of Oregon, Illinois, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. He was about 45 years old and leaves two young boys. His wife died a month ago.

**An Election Judge Indicted.**

In Chicago, Illinois, John C. Cosgrove and James T. McElligott, of the number, was landed at the large office to-day. Two of the Italians have been debarred, it having come to the knowledge of the large officials that they are ex-convicts.

**Forged a Will.**

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## BAD WRECK IN INDIANA.

**One Man Killed and Several Injured.**

On the O. & M. railroad Nos. 1 and 2, lightning express trains, collided. The west-bound passenger train No. 1 had stopped and was about to sidetrack at the quarry switch, four miles east of Logansport, Ind., No. 2, the east-bound passenger, had orders to pass here, and No. 8, accommodation, also going east, was on one end of the side-track.

The west-bound train had no more than stopped to go into the siding than No. 2 came around the curve in full motion. The engineer of No. 2 had no time even for reversing the engine before it dashed headlong into the standing train, completely demolishing both engines and smashing up the mail cars and baggage and express cars.

The passengers of both trains were badly shaken up, but none were seriously injured. A tamper, who was steaming a ride on No. 2, was killed. Two mail clerks were injured. George Owen, Waterloo, Ill., was hurt in the leg and A. J. Reuter, of Letanon, Ill., had his head cut. The engineers and firemen of both trains saved their lives by jumping.

**THE ALLIANCE SPREADING.**

**Preparing for State Organizations in New York and New Jersey.**

The Farmers' alliance was organized in New York State, at a

## THE FARM AND HOME.

### SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS OF HOG CHOLERA.

Hints That Will Bear Re-printing—Paint for Rough Wood-Work—Getting Rid of Weeds—Uses for Potatoes.

The Iowa state board of health gives the following symptoms of hog cholera, which will bear re-printing: The presence of the disease is indicated by a cold shivering lasting from a few seconds to several hours; frequent sneezing followed by a loss of appetite, rough appearance of the hair, drooping of the ears, stupor, attempts to vomit, tendency to root the bedding, to lie down in dark and quiet places, dullness of the eye, often dim; sometimes swelling of the head, eruption of the ears and other parts of the body, dizziness, laborious breathing, vitiated appetite for dung, dirt and salty substances, accumulation of mucus in inner corner of the eyes, discharge from the nose, fetid and offensive odor of discharges from the bowels, offensive exhalations; diarrhoeal discharges are semi-fluid, or grayish green color and often mixed with blood. In many cases the skin on the belly between the hind legs, behind the ears and even on the nose has numerous red spots, which toward the fatal termination turn purple. As the disease progresses the animal becomes sluggish, the head droops with the nose near the ground, but usually will be found lying down with the nose hid in the bedding. If there has been costiveness, about two days before death there will be offensive, fetid discharge, the recto becomes faint and hoarse; the animal is stupid; emaciation increases rapidly; the skin becomes dry, hard and very unclean; there is cold, clammy sweat, and death soon follows, with convulsions, or gradually by exhaustion, without a struggle. In chronic diseases, or those of long duration, the animal becomes weak, lies down most of the time, eats but little and has diarrhea. These cases may linger for weeks, scattering the poison of the disease in the discharge wherever they go.

### To Paint Rough Wood Work.

These in search of a cheap paint for coarse wood work or stone work might give the following recipe a trial. It is highly recommended by a contributor to the columns of the New England Homestead, after lengthy experience by his father, who has spent a long life as a painter, is a practical man and knows the weak points of most mixtures used as substitutes for paint:

Take a peck of lump lime; while the liquid is still slightly warm add four ounces of glue after dissolving, a quart of linseed raw oil and such color as is preferred, stirring it all well together. This will stand almost as long as paint on stone, brick and wood and will not rub. Whitewash or dry color put on with water will stand long and do well if varnished over with raw oil. These recipes are equal to the best calcimine and eminently adapted to outdoor exposure. Try small samples first if mistakes are feared. The amount specified will cover at least 1,000 square feet of surface. It may be applied rapidly with a whitewash brush, although it will look better and form more of a protection if painted closely into broken surfaces. Winter is one of the best times in which to put it on.

### Getting Rid of Weeds.

The prospect of a final eradication of weeds is not so good as we could wish, for without doubt nothing could be more helpful to the progress of American farming. A large part of the manure given to crops goes to produce weeds, as also does most cultivation to eradicate them. Yet market gardeners who manure most heavily and cultivate most thoroughly find weeds confronting them still. It will be centuries hence when the mass of farming lands are tilled as gardens now are, and until then weeds of some sort will continue to vex the farmer. Some kinds of weeds will disappear under high cultivation, but others will grow more rampantly. Canada thistles will probably yield first to thorough cultivation, but some of the smaller annuals, as rag weed and charlock, will continue to appear many years after no specimen has been allowed to seed. It is those minute seeds that lie waiting in the ground which are likely hereafter to give more trouble to the cultivator of the soil than any other. As the country becomes more densely populated it must necessarily be cultivated more highly, or as gardens are now, and the weeds now most troublesome to gardeners will be the pests of all soil cultivators.

### New Uses for Potatoes.

The employment of potatoes for making starch will undoubtedly have the effect of absorbing large amounts of potatoes when they are very cheap, and thus preventing glutted markets that do not pay the grower for his labor. The evaporation of potato starch is also a method by which the crop one year may be lent over to another. But the latest use for potatoes is as a substitute for bone and ivory. By the use of certain acids the potato is hardened, and it may before this be cut or molded into buttons or whatever shapes are most desired. Potato buttons are now often worn when the origin of the button is not suspected, as they may be colored to suit any fancy.

### Always Something to Sell.

The expenses of the farm and family go on through all the year. It is almost impossible to make profit unless there is equal continuity in selling. There may be and should be special crops that furnish the bulk of the money received from the farm; but if this is drawn upon by a continual drain not relieved by any new supply, it will be drawn down to nothing. For years

southern farmers have depended wholly on their sales of cotton, though this is one of the most profitable crops grown, it has been impossible for southern planters to keep out of debt, until they adopted the northern plan of growing a diversity of crops.

### Farm Notes.

The generous farmer rays generous crops.

The lambs should be in inclosure and be fed by themselves.

Cosy experiments new pay. Adam found that out the first time he tried it.

It is the last load of manure that feeds your crop; all before that feeds the land.

It is a poor crop that will not pay for keeping an account of its cost and receipts.

Something does not come of nothing. The elements of the crop must be in the soil.

Mr. Murfield says, "cow is like a closet or cupboard—you can take nothing out unless you put something in."

A deep sandy loam is among the very best soils in which to successfully plant. If a little gravelly, all the better.

The first four or five months feed for bone and muscle; nor that more fat, though a variety should always be given.

The soil intended for a strawberry bed should be plowed deep, and when ready for the plants like a pulverized bank of ashes.

In setting out plants do not sprinkle the foliage, as it causes moisture to collect, injurious to the crown of the plant, causing rot.

Keep the barn and cleaned up. A nail in a horse's hoof may cause you more trouble than will to keep the yard clean for a lifetime.

The bush Lima bean is very highly commended. It needs no poles, is of excellent quality, can be planted closer than the tall Lima, and stands the drought better than snap beans.

The way for a farmer to determine his profit or loss is the way every other competitor business man keeps books. It is to balance aggregate receipts against aggregate expenses.

All roots must go down their full length into the soil, spread apart funnel-shaped, and then the soil firmly pressed around them with the hands, clearing the crown even with a little above the surface.

To keep the barn and stable doors open has troubled many men. The time spent by the world in hunting up sticks to prop doors back would make many years. Yet a simple hook on the barn, an staple on door—costing scarcely anything—would do the business.

A farmer need not bother his brain nor feel him-into trying to follow a system of line breeding in growing swine. Leave this to the professionals. Better study the systems of feeding and improve of them than to spend time studying pedigree. Feeding and not pedigree is in his line of work. We would not have him ignore the value of a pedigree, but first he wants the hog, and it is not necessary for him to know of no pedigree further than that the animal is purely bred and not too closely related to the breeding stock already on the farm.

**Hints to Housekeepers.**

It saves time and leather to have a broom, brush and dustpan for every floor in the home.

Four parts of sweet oil and vinegar and a little gum arabic make an excellent furniture polish.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon, instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

Hollow tail is said to remove machine oil from white goods. Repeated applications will also remove ink stains, if exposed to the rays of the sun.

Thin glass is too good a conductor of heat to be advisable for keeping toilet creams, which preserve their quality best in thick queensware or pottery.

Here is a "highly recommended cure": Dip in water a piece of common washing soda and rub the troublesome growth with it two or three mornings a week.

To keep glassware bright, wipe directly from the hot sun. Tumblers used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before being immersed in hot sun, as hot water tends to drive the milk into the glass and give them a dingy appearance.

Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water, and should remain fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water. It cooled by dropping them into cold water they will not pool smoothly.

When decanters and carafes become discolored inside that shot or fine coal will not cleanse them, fill the bottle with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottle will be as bright and clean as when new.

Black satin can be stiffened by sponging with vinegar and water, a table-spoonful of the former to a pint of water. Sponge on the wrong side, then more lightly on the right side and press on the wrong. If there are grease or other spots on it they may be removed by the use of alcohol and ammonia in equal parts, diluting each table-spoonful of the mixture with a pint of water.

It is not generally known that commercial glycerine contains a considerable portion of arsenic. The fact should be borne in mind by persons who imagine this article to be harmless that it can be used in almost any quantity. A recent medical journal reports a case in which a gentleman nearly lost his life through symptoms closely resembling those of cholera by the use of a cheap grade of glycerine. Unless the glycerine is chemically pure, it is liable to produce poisonous symptoms when taken internally.

## TRAPPING THE OTTER.

### HOW A MARYLANDER GETS THE VALUABLE PELTS.

A Typical Eastern Shoreman Scours Methods Employed by Modern Hunters of the Otter, and Makes a Good Living.

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#### AN ARMENIAN LULLABY.

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,  
My mulberry one, my golden sun!  
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,  
My pretty cosset lambkin!

And thou shalt swing in an almond tree,  
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—

A silver boat in a golden sea—

My velvet love, my nestling dove,

My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well!

All night, my sweet, my dimpled feet!

And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,

My gentle rain of springtime!

And for thy slumberous play shall twine—

The diamond stars with an emerald vine—

To trail in the waves of ruby wine—

My hyacinth bloom, my heart's perfume,

My cooling little turtle!

And when the moon wakes up to see—

My apple bright, my soul's delight!

The partridge shall come calling thee,

My jar of milk and honey!

Yet, thou shalt know what mystery lies—

In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,

If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes—

You wakeful one, you naughty son,

You chirping little sparrow!

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

A PRIEST'S VENGEANCE.

There was no bonnier lass on all the country side than Mollie Doen. To be sure she had no dower but beauty, and her mother had only a life lease of the cottage, \$100 a year of pension and one cow, but Mollie was a sweet girl, gentle and gracious, yet so full of youth and strength and loveliness that each in the country longed for her. When, finally, she gave here choice to Jule Faen, all agreed that she had done wisely, although her other lovers were likely to die of grief. Jule had a hundred acres of land and a snug sum in the bank, and he was a goodly youth, who never spoke evil of any, unless in the heat of passion, and for brawn and bravery not one of his friends could surpass him.

On a certain Sunday morning in June Mollie went cheerily up the winding path of the hillside beyond her mother's cottage driving the cow to pasture. It was still early morning and the new born sun touched all the awakened earth with dainty light. The birds were loudly chanting their orisons of grateful praise for life, the hedge roses smiled blushingly through tears of dew, Mollie sang blithely as she mounted the rude path:

"Over the mountains,  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains,  
Under the graves,  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obeys,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way."

"Where there is no place  
For the glow worms to lie,  
There is no—"

The song had ended in a sob of terror. There, close beside the path, lay Jule, dead! His head crushed by a fearful blow, and the dark stains of the cold blood upon his face.

Mollie gazed at him for a moment and all the tortures of countless years seemed to clutch her heart to tear it from her. Then she fell beside him and pillow'd the poor gory head upon her bosom. But he was cold beneath her caresses and his open eyes stared unconcernedly into the impenetrable vault of the heavens, as if they watched the soul that wandered there.

By and by Mollie's mother, vaguely anxious at her daughter's unusual delay, went to seek her. As the old woman climbed the hill she smiled and murmured, "I shall find her with Jule."

Yes, she found her with Jule. The good woman found the twain locked in one another's arms; but one was dead and cold and the other dumb with misery.

And when she had looked for a little time the mother crept silently away and told her neighbors, and the men came and put apart the lovers, and then, with sorrowing faces and silent steps, bore Jule to his own house.

All the village was aghast at the tragedy. At the inquest it was discovered that Jule had gone to neighboring town and had received \$250 in payment for some hay which he had sold. He had started for home alone at about 10 o'clock in the evening. An examination of the body revealed the fact that his wallet was gone, and, although his watch was in its place, there remained no doubt that he had been murdered and robbed. No clue to the murderer was discovered, and as time passed the people began to forget the crime, and only sighed when a wan and weary woman strolled swiftly by them and they thought of what had been the fresh loveliness of Mollie Doen.

The parish priest, Pero Ambrose, was Jule's brother, and, as he went about his holy work, he maintained steadfastly within his heart the resolve to bring his brother's assassin to justice.

Three years after Jule's death Pero Ambrose was called to the bedside of John Barton, who was thought to be dying. Barton was an old man—poor and surly—but, so far as any one knew, honest.

In his confession he revealed, to the horror-stricken priest, that he had killed Jule.

Soon afterward, to the amazement of all, Barton's malady abated and he was soon thoroughly recovered.

Bound by the seal of the confessional, the priest could only clench his hands and groan in anguish when he met the murderer. The vile nature of Barton seemed to find an evil pleasure in the holy man's despair, and, so far from avoiding him as shame should have directed, he sought his company that he might gloat upon his agony. Then Pero Ambrose laid a plot, and therupon when Barton came to him he no longer avoided his presence but controlled his wrath, and even entered into conversation and seemed anxious to be friendly with the criminal. Barton was astonished, but the fatality of

his crime barred him from suspicion. As time went on, the priest and Barton became, seemingly, the best of friends; so that the people marveled, and some shook their heads in doubt, while others were glad that a man so repulsive as Barton had turned to the beauties of religion.

One day, as the priest and Barton were sitting in the little garden behind the priest's house, the priest spoke unconcernedly:

"By the way, Barton, how did you get rid of the club which you used on poor Jule?"

As the priest spoke he had his eye fixed on the distant cross of his church and Barton could not see the gleam of fearful hate which shone beneath his eyelids.

Barton grinned fiendishly, as he answered:

"Oh, I was too smart to use a club. I used a stone. And when Jule came down the path by the fir tree, I jumped and struck him. The one blow killed him, and then I threw the stone into the river, where it can never tell any tales. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see!" answered Pero Ambrose. "Excuse me for a moment, will you?"

After the father had left the garden, Barton sat musing upon his crime. No, he had never had any remorse worthy of the name. He believed that once or twice he had happened to think that it would have been better to have had the money without killing Jule, who was a good fellow, but, between having the money, simply by killing him and not having it all, there could be no doubt that it was best to have the money anyhow. "Poor Pere Ambrose!" he said to himself, "he thought the world of Jule; even now, much as he likes me, he can't stand to talk about how I killed him."

"He's gone a long time, it seems to me. I wonder what he's doing? I think I'll see if I can't find him."

As he rose to his feet, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and he heard the clang of steel, while a harsh voice said:

"I arrest you for the murder of Jules Faen!"

Before he could turn to strike or fly, the irons were on his wrists, and as he strained frenziedly at the unrelenting bands a horrible rage came upon him, and he gnashed his teeth and howled curses on his captors and cried:

"I am innocent! Innocent! Do you hear? I tell you I am innocent!"

Then suddenly he saw Pero Ambrose standing before him. A red mist fell before his eyes and wrath overwhelmed him. He would have sprung upon the priest, but the officers held him back. And then foam flecked his mouth and he cried:

"Oh, it was you then, vile purveyor! Curse you! Liar! Damned! You have broken the seal of the confession! It was under the vow of silence that I told you I had killed Jule. Curse you! Curse you!"

The voice of Pero Ambrose was very calm, but with a ring of triumph in the quiet tones as he answered: "I have broken no vow. I have violated no seal. Only, when in my garden this morning, as man to man, you told me how you killed my brother Jule, I called the officers to arrest you, assassin!"

They tell the tale still in the country

side, how John Barton's crime was discovered by the good priest, and when Mollie Doen meets Pero Ambrose she always prays him for his blessing, very reverently.

#### The Talmud.

What is the Talmud? The Talmud is the title applied to the Mishnah and Gemara, two collections of Jewish traditions and decisions relative to the law as given by Moses. The Mishnah is the earliest collection of traditional matter in regard to the law, and the Gemara is an elucidation of the Mishnah text, consisting of a running commentary, explanations and opinions given by renowned rabbinical scholars. The comments are frequently in the form of an argument, reasons pro and con being advanced and instances cited in support of the positions assumed by the imaginary contestants. There are two Talmuds, or commentaries; that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon, the latter being regarded as more complete and satisfactory. The compilation of the Talmud was begun, it is said, about the time of the return from the Babylonian captivity, B. C. 536, and was completed in the second or third century after Christ. It is, therefore, a body of Jewish thought and doctrine, covering a period of 600 or 700 years.

#### Women's Superior Courage.

Most people think that men are more courageous than women, said Dr. S. D. Black, of New York, "but the dentist knows that this is not true. As a rule a man will groan and swear when a dentist tries to fill his teeth, squirming, gripping the arm of the chair and making a big row about it. And the heavier the man the bigger coward he is. I've seen a strapping pig athlete sit down to have a tooth pulled and almost faint while I was looking at it. On the other hand, a light, little bit of a woman will calmly close her eyes, lean her head back in the chair and submit to tortures that would make the Sphinx swoon into insensibility. No, sir; a woman can stand a dozen times the pain that a man will undergo."

#### Make It a Crime.

Nearly three-fourths of the states in the union have passed laws restricting in some way or other the sale of cigarettes. The hope may be indulged that the time will come when the actual criminality of smoking the abominable things where innocent people are compelled to smell them will be recognized and established by law. —Chicago Tribune.

#### STORY OF A NIHILIST.

##### SHE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT FULL OF HATRED.

Sophie Gunsburg's Plot Against the Czar—Love Her Chief Weapon—Pathetic Scene at the Court Trial.

No authentic account has yet been given of the late political trial—or rather condemnation—of Russian nihilists for high treason; for trial, in the English sense of the term, there was none, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph. I have just had a long conversation with one of the dignitaries who played the part of judge, jury and counsel for the crown during the brief ceremony, which began by accusation and ended in condemnation to death; and the details communicated by him—which are worthy of implicit credit—show a strong if lurid light upon Russian nihilists in particular and the Russian character generally, and if properly worked up by a Zolaistic realist would make a most sensational novel.

The ringleader of the conspirators, and now the chief of the prisoners, is—as is frequently the case in Russian politics—a woman; in this instance a woman of excellent education, of iron will, of ravishing beauty and of undaunted courage; a woman in many respects superior to the celebrated Sophia Perovskiy, who directed the operations that culminated in the foul murder of the late emperor, whom she so soon afterward followed to the grave. This person, Sophia Gunsburg by name, narrated the eventful story of her checkered life to her unsympathetic judges, and narrated it in a most calm, unimpassioned, objective way, which the most impartial of historians might well envy.

The daughter is a great pot in Russian families, perhaps because there are generally more sons than daughters, says Madame Romanoff in the English Magazine.

Take the younger members of the imperial family as an example, and we find twenty-two grand dukes and only seven grand duchesses;

and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families.

The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural

labor of their fathers, has given rise to a saying, "One son is no son; two sons are half a son; but three are a whole son."

Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest

affection and care of parents and brothers, not to speak of other adoring relatives.

Much is not expected of her in

the way of assistance in the family, she is indulged in as far as their means

and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely

that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother.

Her occupations are much

about the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia

existeth not for her. She cannot have

classes at Sunday schools, as religion

is taught by priests or deacons. It

would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried

girl to visit the sick or poor in towns,

but in villages it is sometimes done under the direction of nannies or grandmammies.

She is undoubtedly

fond of pleasures, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing.

Music is not the Russian girl's forte,

nor is solo singing.

Most of the Institutuks, though they thoroughly know the theory of music, play like a child of 12; of course, there are exceptions, but it is seldom you find a girl able to play a quadrille or polka off hand.

Girls marry very young in Russia,

and there are very few of those most

esteemed individuals called old maids.

There are no colonels for the Russian

to run away to; and statistics show

that the births of boys much exceed

those of girls.

Long engagements are not approved of, they seldom last longer than a few

months, during which time the fiance

is the mistress of the house.

Her girl friends assemble to help to sew the dowry, the sewing afternoon generally

ending in a dance after tea, when the bridegroom drops in with a few bachelor friends.

Another wedding is thus often arranged; and so on, little by little, till, like the fifty-one cards in the game of "old maid," they pair off and one, generally of the sterner sex, is left forlorn.

ably have been the last of the reign of Alexander III.

When the prisoner had finished the impressive discourse containing the history of her life and crime, which had been occasionally interrupted by the questions and rebukes of the presiding dignitaries, the president asked her whether she felt no compunction for the abominable deed resolved and attempted to execute, no remorse for the cynical way in which she had divested herself of all feminine modesty.

Her reply was an emphatic negative, which rang through the hall like the peal of a musical bell tolling for the death of a youthful bride, and was quickly followed by the solemn singing of the judge pronouncing the sentence of ignominious death. Her companions were condemned to various terms of hard labor in the mines—a sentence surpassing in severity the most painful kind of death—all except one, her lover, who, being perfectly ignorant of her criminal plans, was finally released, after having languished in solitary confinement for a length of time sufficient to make him wish for a release into the life of this sublunary world or into the next. The emperor, when informed of the death sentence, commuted it into imprisonment for life.

#### MAIDENS IN RUSSIA.

A Pen Picture of the Girls Subjects of the Mighty Czar.

The daughter is a great pot in Russian families, perhaps because there are generally more sons than daughters, says Madame Romanoff in the English Magazine.

Take the younger members of the imperial family as an example, and we find twenty-two grand dukes and only seven grand duchesses;

and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families.

The necessity for men in the rural districts as assistants in the agricultural

labor of their fathers, has given rise to a saying, "One son is no son; two sons are half a son; but three are a whole son."

Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest

affection and care of parents and brothers, not to speak of other adoring relatives.

Much is not expected of her in

the way of assistance in the family, she is indulged in as far as their means

and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely

that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother.

Her occupations are much

## A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE

### TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN AT- TACKED BY BADGERS.

Thrilling Story of Woman's Bravery Under  
Terrible Trying Circumstances—  
Two Revolvers and Pluck  
Saves Them.

We ask five minutes' attention to an adventure of two ladies with a badger, the account of which we find in a carefully edited newspaper printed and published in the city of St. Louis, says the New York Tribune. In the consideration of this subject there are several things which we must not forget, the first of which is that the badger is a small animal, standing perhaps some 7 or 8 inches high. Its hair is quite long, its skin loose and very thick, and beneath this there is a layer of an inch or two of fat, so that the real badger, or, if we may so venture to put it, the poor badger, is even smaller than would be supposed from his outside appearance. With these facts firmly rooted in our memories we may proceed to a careful and unprejudiced consideration of the tale in question.

Two young ladies, wives of cavalry officers, left Fort Riley, in Kansas, one afternoon for a walk. While returning they were obliged to cross a ravine. At the bottom of this they came to a large tree which had been blown down. They scrambled upon the tree trunk to get across. They had scarcely done so when they heard an "angry growl," and on looking up they saw a badger on a ledge of rocks above them, the "fierce and angered creature" being "just ready for a spring." We must not forget that the badger never gives vent to angry growls, unless, possibly, when driven into a corner by a dog, when (we desire to do full justice to the beast) he will fight stubbornly. We must remember, too, that the badger is not fierce, and that on this occasion, he could not have been angered. Let us also keep in mind, in connection with the expected spring, that the badger's legs are only some four inches long.

The ladies at first were very much excited, as the animal appeared to them "as large as a lion," an optical illusion fortunately dispelled later on, or we should be obliged to remind the reader that the badger lives in a burrow rather less than six inches in diameter. One of the ladies jumped down from the tree trunk and ran up on a little ledge on the other side of the ravine some twenty feet or thereabouts from the badger.

The fierce beast instantly began to make preparations to leap across to her. Let us not forget that his legs were four inches long. He began "lashing his lean sides with his tail." We should always keep clearly in mind the fact that a badger's tail is four and one half inches in length and of a decidedly rigid nature. It might, perhaps, be convenient for the badger to sit down on it while surveying a hillside with a view to sinking a winter burrow, but it should never be utilized, for lashing purposes. Nor should we forget that the badger never has lean sides. Fortunately the two ladies had their husbands' revolvers with them. Soon the infuriated badger "sent his dark brown body flying across the ravine." We beg of the reader to remember the badger's four inch legs and two inches of fat. Nor is the American badger endowed by nature with wings.

As the badger leaped, however, each lady fired her revolver, or, as the account has it, "two balls resounded through the air." The badger fell to the bottom of the ravine with a broken leg. At this point another badger, evidently the mate of the first one, appeared, with his ears laid back in anger. Truth being our sole aim, let us bear in mind that the badger's ears are so small that they can not be seen at all without brushing away the hair. The new badger leaped up on the ledge (we need not again remind the reader of the badger's legs and general build) and seized hold of the lady's skirts and began pulling her down the bank, also lashing the air with its tail.

While this was going on the other lady, after several shots, succeeded in killing the first badger and came to the rescue of her friend. The badger was too close to shoot, so she "lifted a heavy rock" and "sent it with all the force both her hands could command," so that it "crushed upon the creature's back." This caused the badger to "break from its shrinking victim," "taking away a large mouthful of dress material," and to "turn on its antagonist." Both ladies now began shooting vigorously, and finally the infuriated monster, with a roar which shook the everlasting hills, rolled to the bottom of the ravine with a rumbling sound like an approaching earthquake, where it died.

We sincerely hope that the reader has derived much benefit from these few lines. To have done so, however, he must have kept constantly in mind those few well-known and indisputable facts: First, that the Kansas badger does not range the country like a man-eating tiger looking for human victims; second, that he is a small animal, rather broader than he is high; third, that he is always fat to the point of obesity; fourth, that his legs are very short; fifth, that his ears are concealed by his long hair; sixth, that he has no wings or other flying apparatus; and seventh, that his tail is short and stubby like a sweet potato, rather than long and flexible like a garden-hose. If these few facts were kept continually in view, the intelligent reader can not but have obtained great profit from our article.

#### A Dog Modiste.

The American Register describes the store of a "dog modiste" in Paris. The sights were very amusing. The place was not so much of a store as an estab-

lishment, with halls and rooms richly furnished. Ladies tripped and out all day long, most of the time having with them pugs or terriers. The pet dogs were scattered through the rooms, each awaiting his master. Many small mats and rugs are around the waxed floors, and evident of carpeting of the kind wide-spread by some pretty little critters. These dogs have various dress. The robe used in the morning is a garment of dark blue cloth. It is tied a paleo, and is lined with red flannel. From a leather collar little bells jingle as its wearer walks along, sometimes a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder of a dog. On cold days the pet is clad in seals of the same pattern, the collar being in fur, mounted in silver.

#### WHAT AND WHY.

"Hell to Pay and Noth Hot," With Other Saws.

"Hell to pay and noth hot" is a corruption of a nautical expression, "Hell to pay." Today, in sailors' phraseology, means any hot tar on the seams or joints of a vessel. When the "hull," or body of the vessel was to be thus covered was a great job, and if the tar was not sufficiently heated much time would be required. Hence the dilemma: Hell to pay and no pitch hot."

Cheshire, in England, was once noted for the manufacture of cheeses, which were often moulded fanciful shapes. One was made in the form of a cat, and was known in the trade as "the Cheshire cat." Is not surprising that this cheese evoked an expressive grin.

In the suburb of ancient Athens there was a famous garden and grove, owned by Academus, which was a popular resort for meditation or study. Plato taught his disciples in this grove, and it became the prop of the city. In it learning was encouraged and patronized, hence acamy, a place of learning.

When people were traveling long distances, as, e.g., emigration to the far West, a calumet which was mixed soft with flour and ink or water and baked before the candle was called a "journey cake." It has been corrupted into Johnny cake.

Mansards were first introduced into France in the seventeenth century by Francis Mansard, a celebrated architect.

About 1810 in the middle and early western state there flourished a noted counterfeiter named Borghese, who flooded that section of the country with what was known as "Borghese currency." Borghese a corruption of Borghese. —Boston Globe.

#### Us Adams a Negro?

There has always been a tradition (I say always because no scholar, no odds how professed, has ever been able to trace it to its original source) among the Africans that the first man God created was a black man, and that the scare he had his consort received when God called upon them to know why they were in hiding after they had eaten of the forbidden fruit caused them to turn pale with sheer fright. How much of a basis of truth there is for this curious belief it would be hard to tell; antiquarian research having, during the last decade, added to rather than taken from the original tradition. The earliest memorial tablets found by the late George Smith in Palestine and other parts of the Orient give the tradition high credit. One of Mr. Smith's inscriptions, or tablets, which has been deposited in the British Museum in class A, No. 3,564, gives an account of the creation of man by the god Mirku, or "Noble Crown," and runs as follows: "To fear them (the gods) he made man; the breath of life was in him. May (the god of Mirku) be established and may his will not fail in the dark faces which his hand has made." The tablet is by the editor of "Notes for the Curious," the words in parentheses by Moncure D. Conway, who has made a close examination of the inscriptions. The above is said to be the earliest allusion in existence to the Biblical account of creation, and it distinctly points to the first race as being dark, and confirms what Sir Henry Rawlinson said long ago; that is, that the word "Adaman" (Adam) means "dark race," in distinction from "arku" meaning "light race." Mr. Smith during his life, put forth many ingenious arguments to prove that the account of the sons of God marrying the daughters of men (Genesis vi.) simply meant that the Sartu were intermarrying with the Adam people. In sum the whole matter up, was Adam a negro?

#### Perfumed for a Thousand Years.

The Mosque of St. Sophia, in Constantinople, is always fragrant with the odor of musk, and has been so for hundreds of years, ever since it was rebuilt in the ninth century, the curious part of it being that nothing is done to keep it perfumed. The solution to the seeming mystery lies in the fact that when it was rebuilt over 1,000 years ago the stones and bricks were laid in mortar mixed with a solution of musk.

#### No All Around.

The New York Express estimates that there are 14,000 girls at work in that city simply to get more expensive clothes than could otherwise be afforded, and they are taking the place of boys who would make the occupations a life work and pursue them to support others. The girl has crowded the boy to the wall.

#### A Careful Judge.

A careful judge: "Your name is Julia Miller?" "Yes, your honor." "Tell me how old you are." "Twenty-five, your honor." "So! Well, now you have given your age, we will administer the oath."

## PHRENOLOGY.

Some of the Illustrations of the Science Ex-  
posed.

Schools are good things and do a great deal of good to the people who are compelled to use their heads as well as their hands in having out a living, but there are a good many things taught in schools that are not what they are cracked up to be, if the reader will pardon me for making use of classical figure of speech. One of these things is phrenology. When I was in school we formed a class for the study of this science, and we got along admirably, we got along in that way because we made so many discoveries that were of such importance to all of us. For instance, we discovered that one green and callow youth from Ringgold county, Iowa, had all the ear marks of a great lawyer; he would be a Rufus Choate at the very least, his bulging brain, his quickness at repartee, his slowness in giving an opinion, and many other things that we discovered, all pointed surely to this conclusion. A genius was discovered in every member of that class, and it is no wonder that we all believed implicitly in phrenology. Most men do believe in things that tend to give them taffy. That great impudent lawyer now resides in the woods of Missouri, has seven children already, never has enough money on hand to buy a new shirt with, and is no more like a lawyer than a cigarette chromo is like a painting by Millais.

Once in company with a friend who was rather off on the subject of phrenology I visited a variety theatre. My friend soon made a phrenological discovery. It was a man, and he said the man was the soul of gentleness, that gentleness was written in every lineament of his benign countenance, and my friend talked so foolish about it that I was afraid we would be put out. Then we inquired who the man was and learned that he was the bouncer of the establishment, that he had aspirations in the prize-fighting way, and that his favorite amusement was to get drunk and whip his wife. My friend took the proper view of the case—that is, he set up the beer.

That is the way it goes with phrenology. I know a man who looks like an unrefined horse thief and he is a preacher. I know a man who looks like the soul of honor, yet he is such a thief that he tries to beat his book-keeper out of his salary every Saturday night. I know a woman who looks like a man, and she is a box worker. (If you chance to be reading this aloud to the wife of your bosom, it may not be policy for you to admit any knowledge on the subject of box-workers. Tell her it is a woman who makes boxes.)

You can't judge from appearances. An old curmudgeon who looks like a tramp may have a bank account that would make yours look sick; a sickly looking man with bent shoulders might thrash you so badly that you would not know whether you were an aching void or a veterinary hospital; and a man who doesn't look as though he knew enough to come in out of the wet may sometimes get a mortgage on your earthly possessions and sell you out to pay you up for making fun of him when he was poor. The best thing you can do is to look wise and keep your mouth shut; then only your wife will know what a fool you are.—Texas Siftings.

#### Business and the Face.

A man's occupation has a great deal to do with making his facial expression. Studies, or scholarly professions, intellectual pursuits, when coupled with moral habits, brighten the face and give a superior look. An unscrupulous nature, or love of studies or arts, with a bright, pleasant face; but on the contrary, says the New York Ledger, a man may have a face that does not please any one, because of pure selfishness. It may be noticed that soldiers get a hasty, severe look; laborers look tired; reporters look inquisitive; mathematicians look studious; judges look grave, and a man whose home life is unhappy looks all broken up. The business often makes the face. How often we think this man is a butcher, this one a lawyer, that one a minister, the other a doctor, and so on. It is seldom we are mistaken, for the callings show through the faces. And who fails to recognize the genuine farmer the minute one sets eyes on him?

#### Which is Worst?

A correspondent of the Boston transcript recalls this anecdote of Father Taylor: Seeing in his audience at one time a well-known clergymen of the Baptist denomination, he left his pulpit, and passing down the aisle to the pew where the reverend gentleman was seated, invited him to occupy the pulpit with himself and make the opening prayer. The visiting preacher declined, giving as a reason that a Unitarian had occupied the pulpit the Sunday before. Father Taylor was not the man to waste time or words on such material, so, hastily turning about he strode hurriedly back to the pulpit, and on reaching it said: "Let us pray, O Lord, deliver us from bigotry and bad rum; Thou knowest which is worse; I don't."

#### Wanted an Inexpensive Meal.

Hungry Joe: "How much do you charge for roast beef?" Waiter: "Twenty-five cents." H. J.: "How much for bread?" Waiter: "Nothing." H. J.: "And how much for the gravy?" Waiter: "Oh, we give you the gravy." H. J.: "Well, you can bring me a plate of bread and gravy."

#### Plenty of Faith.

Farmer (to tramp): "What are you sitting there for? I saw you in the same place yesterday." Tramp (on the fence): "Everything comes to him who waits; and I have been waiting two days for a square meal."

## SCIENTIFIC DROPS.

Mr. Edison claims that he can cure gout by the simultaneous use of lithine and electricity.

Camphor production is a new industry in Florida. It is said that in ten years' time the camphor trees will outnumber the orange trees of that state.

In the new discovery for photography in natural colors, when the prints are viewed by transmitted light or reflected light, each color is replaced by its complementary color.

In Massachusetts electric light companies are compelled by law to place tags upon their wires so that linemen and other workers may easily distinguish the different classes of wires.

According to a German authority it has been found that zinc will rapidly corrode when in contact with brickwork. To prevent this, roofing-felt is placed between the zinc and the brickwork.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases has been found to make a difference of 100 degrees to 124 degrees from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

Experiments recently made with armor plates prove that oil hardening or annealing is necessary for steel plates. Plates not treated with oil were badly shattered, while from those oil-hardened the projectiles rebounded.

The most expensive street-car in the world is owned by the Short Electric Railway company, of Cleveland. The car cost \$10,000. The president of the company is Congressman Tom L. Johnson, the single-tax champion of Ohio.

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## KISMET.

Never were kisses so sweet as hers,  
Never were words so tender,  
Never were eyes so full of light,  
Never a waist so slender,  
Never again will her lips meet mine,  
Forever we two are parted;  
Oh, how I miss her—my love!—to-night,  
As I sit here, broken-hearted!

Only a triflè wrought my woe,  
Only a fate malevolent.  
Only a thoughtless word or two,  
Only an answer vicious,  
Only a sulphurous little scene  
When we both turned green and yellow—  
And now, by Jingo, she's been and gone—  
And married another fellow!

—Somerville Journal.

## BRIGITTE'S FORTUNE.

Short, thin, dry and wrinkled as an apple that lay withered during a long winter, such was the good man. Farmer Landry. Indeed, he was one of those close-listed old pensants of whom it is graphically said that they can shave themselves from an egg shell.

Since the death of his wife he had retired from agriculture and lived alone in a little house at the end of the village.

And yet, not entirely alone, for he had with him his old servant Brigitte. But the poor woman counted for so little in the household, a little above the dog, but not so much as the donkey, that cost a hundred and twenty francs.

She entered his family at the age of twelve to guard the cows, and had been there ever since. She knew no other family life than this one, and the exceeding parsimony of the master seemed to her entirely natural.

She was now a tall, half woman of fifty, red-faced, square-shouldered, with feet and hands that might have been the pride of a pugilistic trainer. While exacting very little in the way of compensation, she drudged like a pack horse; for indeed, she could not do otherwise in Farmer Landry's house. Besides in her simple mind existed a canine attachment and real admiration for her master, who was not ashamed to take advantage of her good nature.

Of course in the service of this miser Brigitte had not earned a fortune. But the honest creature was amply satisfied when the old peasant was a patronizing person to her: "What a good simple creature you are, Brigitte, are you not?"

Then the good woman's mouth would open into a long laugh.

"He! he! he! master! You have always your little manner of joking; he! he!"

One day while Farmer Landry was himself plastering his garden wall, so as not to pay the mason, he made a false step and fell into the pool just over the point where the deepest hole was. He splashed wildly about for a few moments, calling vainly for help with all the power of his lungs. At last worn out by his efforts, he was about to sink from sight, when Brigitte at last heard him. The devoted creature courageously jumped into the water, at the risk of drowning herself. She succeeded in pulling him to the bank; he was entirely unconscious, but she raised him in her strong arms, as she would a child, put him to bed, and with rubbing and remedies recalled him to life. On seeing him open his eyes, the good Brigitte shed tears of joy.

"Ah, good master, how glad I am that you are not drowned and buried in that hole!"

The old peasant was glad of it, too, although he had one lively regret—the loss of his trowel, which fell into the water at the same time with himself. However, he had the decency not to express the wish that Brigitte should return and jump in after that also. Indeed, in the first impulse of gratitude, he said to his servant with a touch of emotion:

"It is you who pulled me out of the hole; I shall never forget it, my good girl, you may be assured of that. I am going to make you a present."

"Oh, master, indeed there is no need of that!"

"But I tell you I will give you something; don't doubt it!"

And really, the same evening, after a thousand hesitations, he drew forth his long leather purse and called Brigitte to him. While making a grimace like one having a tooth drawn, he selected a silver piece of twenty cents.

Here, Brigitte, is your present. It shall not be counted in your wages, you know. Oh, no, this is extra outside of your wages. Do not be extravagant with it; that would be a sin."

For the service rendered it was not unbridled generosity on the part of the giver, and the former had some dim intimation of the fact, for he added (as to enhance its value):

"It is just the price of a lottery ticket. Buy one, my girl, and you may win twenty thousand dollars."

It was the first time in his life that the poor man allowed himself to be so liberal, so the thought of it haunted him for a long time; he constantly wondered about the fate of his bright silver piece. He often asked the servant if she had yet bought her lottery ticket.

"Not yet, master," was her unvarying answer.

But at length she decided to end this constant questioning by pacifying him. So one day she replied:

"Yes, Master, I have bought one."

"Indeed! What number?"

"Oh, the number is 34."

"Very good!" said her master, repeating the number to impress it on his mind. "Be careful not to lose it!"

"Never fear, master."

"Because if you do fear sometimes to lose it—"

The habits of daily life in the little household, disturbed by these events, soon settled into their regular course; eating sparingly, very temperate drinking, few hours for sleeping and many for work.

Farmer Landry was almost consoled for his forced prodigality, when one morning, in the barber shop, where he went from time to time to read gratis the *Gazette*, a terrible emotion shook him. He read the result of the lottery drawing, and at the head these words, like lines of fire flashed before the dazed spectacles of the good man:

"The number thirty-four has won the great prize of 100,000 francs. The old gentleman gave such a sudden cry that the startled barber, in turning towards him, almost clipped a corner from the ear of the schoolmaster, whom he was shaving.

"What's the matter, Father Landry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," answered the farmer, who quickly recovered his calmness.

Rearranging his spectacles, he read again slowly, spelling each syllable to make assurance doubly sure."

There was no mistake; the number 34, Brigitte's ticket, had won. He dropped the journal and started off in great agitation towards his house. Brigitte had prepared her master's frugal breakfast of nuts and cheese. He placed himself at the table, but he could not eat, for his emotion seemed to clutch his throat and prevent him from swallowing.

"What is the matter, Master?" anxiously asked Brigitte.

"Nothing at all."

"You are not ill?"

"No, I tell you," he answered angrily.

During several days he secretly observed the poor woman. Did she know that she had won 100,000 francs? No indeed! Entirely ignorant that she was the object of such close scrutiny, she performed her daily tasks with her usual good humor, while her master was in a fever of unrest.

One day he dared to ask her, trembling while doing so:

"Is there any news, my good girl?"

"Nothing, Master, except that one of the hens has the pip."

Very good! She knew nothing about her good fortune. As for announcing it to her—that was entirely too much for his nature and long life habit. It seemed to him monstrous that another should profit by this marvellous windfall of a hundred thousand francs, produced by his piece of twenty sous—his own bright, silver bit! Time was lengthened from days to weeks. A notice in the journal (he really bought a copy of the one containing the announcement) formally stated that after a delay of three months the unclaimed prizes would be employed for a new capital.

The poor man had no more appetite for eating or drinking, or power to sleep; he was dying of uneasiness. Twenty times he was on the point of speaking of the ticket to Brigitte; and twenty times he bit the tip of his tongue. One word only might put his servant in the way to learn her good fortune.

One morning, after an unusually sleepless night, passed in turning and returning in his bed, he arose with a smile on his thin lips. He had found a key to the problem. He commanded by ordering Brigitte to kill the plumpest chicken and to cook it in the oven with a good piece of pork. In the meanwhile, he brought from the cellar, where it was hid behind the fagots, a bottle of old wine. And finally he gave his servant money to buy coffee, sugar and brandy.

Brigitte asked herself if her master had gone mad?

"Surely some demon has taken possession of his mind!" she thought with a thrill of fear.

It seemed a fearful increase of the malady when the old gentleman, after having ordered her to lay the table for two, asked her to take her place as his vis-à-vis.

"Oh, Master, I should never, never dare to do that!"

"Sit down there, I tell you, you foolish woman!"

Brigitte had heard that one must not oppose the wishes of maniacs.

So, without answering, she seated herself in great embarrassment on the edge of the chair.

"Come, eat and drink, Brigitte, my girl," he said, filling her plate generously.

However, this was not the last surprise for Brigitte. When the coffee was served the old gentleman suddenly said:

"You see, my good Brigitte, this means that I am going to get married!"

"Indeed, master, it is not yet too late; if you are old, you are still half and well," answered the simple servant approvingly.

"Since that is your view, if you like, we will marry each other."

After the roast chicken and pork, the coffee and wine, Brigitte expected to hear almost any strange thing on the part of her master. But that! Oh, not that!

"You are joking me, master!"

"Not at all," answered the old peasant. He explained that he was growing old, was without children or family, and did not wish to die alone like a dog. Besides, he was grateful! He could not forget that Brigitte had saved his life—his faithful Brigitte. One must not be forgetful of such a service.

Finally, the worthy woman, whose head was turned by this stroke of good fortune, believed in his sincerity. She, a humble servant, marry her master? Think of it! It was, indeed, something to turn one's brain.

The bans were published, and the marriage followed. The couple were greeted at the church by the good-natured smiles of the whole village.

After the ceremony the new husband hurriedly conducted his wife home.

Having crossed the threshold, he hastily demanded in a joyful voice, while energetically rubbing his hands,

"Brigitte, my girl, where have you put your ticket?"

"What ticket?"

"Your lottery ticket, No. 34?"

"What lottery?"

"You know very well," he cried, impatiently. "The one you bought with my twenty-sous piece, that I gave you!"

The bride began to laugh stupidly.

"Ah, the twenty sous? Listen, Master."

"One seldom wins in those lotteries. It was very cold last winter, very cold."

"Well, well?" interrogated Landry, who began to grow very yellow.

"Oh, indeed," she concluded. "I did not buy the ticket. With the money I bought me some good fur-lined slippers, which I was sure would do me good. Yes, indeed."

## REDPATH AND DAVIS.

The Intimacy Between the Abolitionists and the Confederate Leader.

Mr. Redpath and Mr. Davis.

## COURTED HIS WIFE.

Unlooked For Result of Polhemus' Experience.

"I'll do it."

Polhemus Diltz laid down the paper he was reading, put his nose glasses back in his pocket, took his hat and overcoat down from their hook, and started home.

"I'll do it," he repeated to himself, as he walked along. "I'll court my wife as if she were a girl again, the way the fellow did in that newspaper story. I expect it'll go pretty tough," he reflected, throwing away his cigar and wiping his mouth carefully as he approached his home. "I've been a good deal of a rhinoceros about the house and it's a hard thing to break off old habits all at once, but I'll give it a trial if it takes the hide off."

Mr. Diltz entered the house, hung his hat and overcoat in the hall, instead of throwing them down in a heap on the sofa in his usual fashion. Then he went on tiptoe up stairs, put on his best necktie, combed his hair carefully, and came softly down the stairs again.

"Mary Jane!" he called out. "Where are you, dear?"

"Out here," answered a voice in the kitchen. "Did you bring that package of chocolate I told you not to forget when you went down town this morning?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Diltz, regretfully, as he went into the kitchen. "I forgot it, dear."

Mrs. Diltz looked at him suspiciously. He hadn't called her "dear" in eleven years.

"You forgot it? Humph! I just expected it. What are you up to now?"

This query, somewhat sharply uttered, was prompted by an unexpected forward movement on the part of Mr. Diltz.

"Don't you see I'm cleaning this chicken?" she exclaimed. "Look out! You'll make me cut myself. I'm working at the gizzard. A man has no business poking round in the kitchen when he can't do any good."

Mr. Diltz stepped back. He had intended to kiss his wife, but concluded to postpone the matter for a little while.

"Mary Jane," he said, "my dear."

"What are you all slicked up for, anyhow? Going anywhere?"

"No, love. I expect to spend the rest of the day at home. I came an hour or two earlier, thinking—"

"I wish you had brought that chocolate."

"Darling," said Mr. Diltz, "I—that's no way to go to work at a gizzard. Let me—"

"Maybe you know more about this kind of work than I do. Maybe I haven't cleaned hundreds of chickens since I've been keeping house. What are you snooping around out here for, anyhow, with your hair all plastered down and that smile on your face?"

"My dearest Mary Jane, I—"

"Polhemus," broke in his wife, laying down the portion of the fowl's anatomy she had been dissecting, and looking at him keenly, "what on earth is the object of this palavering? What new dodge are you trying to work now?"

"Why, Mary Jane, I've made up my mind to get along with you in a dif—"

"To get along with me? What do mean? Do you tell me I'm hard to get along with?"

"Not at all, Mary Jane; not at all. I was only going to say that we might live together more comfortably, you know, if—er—if we quit this quarrelling and be sociable, you know, as we used to be. There's no need of us acting like cats and dogs—"

"Who says we act like cats and dogs? Look here, Polhemus, you've been drinking."

"It's a blamed 1—now, Mary Jane, don't give way to that temper of yours!"

"Who started this fuss?"

"You did."

"I didn't. You did yourself."

"I didn't."

"You did!"

"You know better."

"Tell your wife she lies, do you?"

Well, it isn't the first time. If you have any business to attend to at your office there will be plenty time for you to do it before supper. I'll get along. I don't need any help on this chicken."

"Diddley dad—swing the dog—gone old hen!" shouted Mr. Diltz, beside himself with rage. "Dad—swizzle its gol-dinged old carcass!"

He went out of the kitchen, slamming the door behind him, and in less than a quarter of a minute later he was on his way back to his office, muttering excitedly to himself and crushing the inoffensive sidewall hard beneath his vindictive heel as he strode along.

Mr. Diltz has not entirely given up the idea of courting his wife, but he has registered a cast-iron vow never to undertake the job again when she is anatomizing a chicken.

## The Care of Books.

Children should early be taught care of a book. A very little child can understand that a book should not be thrown on the floor, or torn, or bent backward, or maltreated in the fifty small ways in which children are permitted to abuse books. Such habits in children are due quite as much to ignorance as carelessness on the part of parents.

Those who have no interest or affection for books themselves are not likely to expect it from their children. A reverence for books is part of the love one bears them, and people who have been brought up in an atmosphere of books, or who spend much time in reading or study, will naturally handle a book respectfully themselves, and insist that their children shall do likewise.—*Harper's Bazaar*.

## He May Change.

A barking dog cannot bite, but the trouble is that he is likely at any time to stop barking and take a piece out of your leg.—*Somerville Journal*.

## THE TABERNACLE PUL



## CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

### THE AUDITORIUM—THOMAS CONCERTS.

One week, commencing Monday, April 27th, Theo. Thomas and his unrivaled New York Orchestra, assisted by Miss Maria Jahn, Soprano (from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City), and the popular Violinist, Max Bendix. Seven popular programs. Popular prices: Entire main floor, \$1.00; main balcony, 75 cents and 50 cents. Special notice: A branch box-office has been established in the Inter Ocean building (corner Dearborn and Madison streets), where choice seats and boxes can be had at regular prices.

### CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

The second week of the McCaull Opera company at the Chicago Opera house promises to be larger financially than the first. "The Tar and the Tartar," Harry B. Smith's and Adam Itzel's new opera, seems to have struck the popular fancy, and, interpreted by the excellent company of players that the McCaull company possesses, it is an undoubted success. The last performance of the opera will be Sunday night, April 26. On Monday evening, April 27, the long-looked-for engagement of Wm. H. Crane in his new American comedy, "The Senator," will begin at the Chicago Opera house. For 277 nights in New York the piece played a more successful engagement than any play ever seen in that city. The following story forms the basis of the plot of "The Senator." In 1814 the American privateer brig Gen. Armstrong put into Fayal, which, when war was being waged between America and England, was a neutral port. A British squadron attacked the Gen. Armstrong, and the odds being too great for the American commander he scuttled his ship and was forced to abandon her. The claim of the commander of the Gen. Armstrong for damages for the loss of his vessel in a neutral port was pressed for many years, and after a lapse of sixty years justice was done, and the sum of \$70,000 was awarded to the heirs of Capt. Reid.

### McVICER'S NEW THEATER.

Monday, April 27, Saturday matinee only, the charming, the infinitesimal Lotta. First production in Chicago of the new musical comedy, "Ina," from the French by A. K. Fulton. Lotta in six characters. Special new scenery, handsome properties, etc., directorial costumes, carefully selected company. McVicker's regular prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75, 50 and 25c. Next week—Last week of Lotta.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

You can go to San Francisco for \$1.50. How? Secure a seat at the Grand Opera House for Hoyt's latest funny satirical success, "A Trip to Chinatown." Third week. Crowded houses. Matines Wednesday and Saturday. Next week, third and last week of "A Trip to Chinatown."

### HOOLEY'S.

Monday, April 27, Saturday matinee only, Willard. A great actor. Intense acting. A perfect storm of applause. No actor visiting Chicago in late years so carried his audience with him from rise to fall of curtain. One of the foremost of English-speaking actors. Third week. Monday, April 27, third and last week of Mr. E. S. Willard, when will be presented "Judah."

### HAYLIN'S THEATRE.

Mr. Haylin will have the pleasure of presenting to his patrons for the week beginning Sunday matinee, April 26th, the Irish comedian, Pat Rooney, and his charming lit'l daughter, supported by his company in "Pat's New Wardrobe." An Eastern exchange has this to say of the play and star: "Pat's New Wardrobe" is the name of the new three-act comedy in which Mr. Pat Rooney and his company appeared last evening before an audience which crowded the house in every part. It was the first presentation of the piece this season in the city, but it will not be the last, by a good many times, judging from the manner of its reception. The audience began to laugh almost directly upon the rising of the curtain, and continued to do so until its fall, with cessation only when specialty business was introduced, and not always then. "Pat's New Wardrobe" was undoubtedly written for the sole purpose of keeping an audience in a state of merriment."

### THE PEOPLE'S.

Second week, commencing Sunday matinee, April 26, the Valdés Sisters' refined European vaudevilles. A grand coterie of brilliant novelties, bright and sparkling. Entire change of programme, new specialties. Completing the event of the season, Steele MacKaye's famous sensational drama, "Money Mad."

### NEW WINDSOR.

Commencing with a Sunday matinee, April 26th, Miss Sybil Johnston, supported by the same troupe that made the Clemenceau case so popular in the East, will play a week's engagement at the New Windsor. Matines, Wednesday and Saturday, as usual.

### JACOB LITT'S STANDARD.

One week, commencing Sunday matinee, April 26, James B. Mackie ("Gilmyse, me boy!") in his new and laughable musical burlesque in three acts, "Grimes' Cellar Door," by Thomas Addison.

### H. B. JACOB'S ACADEMY.

Beginning next Sunday matinee, April 26th, "Money Mad." Matines Thursday and Saturday.

### MADISON STREET OPERA HOUSE.

Matines Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday. Matinee prices, 25 and 50c. Next week—Parisian Folly and Spectacular Company.

### CLARK ST. THEATRE.

Commencing Monday, April 26, for one week only, the Manning Opera Company.

### EXPOSITION BUILDING.

The great Orange Carnival and semi-tropic display of plants, fruits and products; thousands attend daily to witness California's grand advance opening of the World's Fair. Concerts and select programmes by the Second Regiment Band Saturday afternoon and evening. Sacred concert Sunday at 2 p. m. Saturday, Children's day, 10c. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Sunday from 2 p. m. Admission, 25c; children, 15c.

### CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

All lovers of high-class music will learn with pleasure that the Boston Symphony Orchestra under the efficient direction of Arthur Nikisch will appear at Central Music Hall on the evenings of May 6th and 7th, with Saturday matinee May 9th. This superb organization is second to none and its concerts arouse the greatest enthusiasm wherever they are heard. Every seat in Boston Music Hall was sold nearly three weeks before the first concert was given. In all the large Eastern cities they have found crowds of the music-loving public, thronging to enjoy the treat which no other orchestra in this country can provide. The soloists are pre-eminent in their excellent work and all that is possible has been done to make it the finest organization of its kind to be found anywhere.

Seats can be obtained in advance of Mr. Ed. N. Ballantine, 94 La Salle street.

### LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Walash ave., between 14th and 16th Streets, Libby Prison, the only war museum in America. A wonderful exhibition of historic relics. Open from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., Sundays included. Admission, 50c; children, 25c.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

John G. Whittier is quoted by the Danvers, Mass., correspondent of the New York Sun as saying: "My writing days are over."

The police of Boston are to endeavor to stop the sale of cigars and tobacco on Sunday. The movement is inspired by an association of tobacco dealers who close on the Sabbath, and is directed principally against apothecary shops and stationery stores.

In handling any wire laying over any of the ordinary street wires, especially such as convey currents for electric lighting, use dry hand line for the purpose, or grasp the wire with insulated pliers. An ordinary clothesline may become the conductor of deadly current.

Count von Moltke compels all the members of his household to spend at least an hour each day in the open air, even if the rain is pouring. He attributes his good health to regular outdoor exercise and moderation in all things. Although he is in his 91st year he often walks four miles a day.

The inhabitants of the interior of the Fiji Islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud lie in the west, fearing that the "Great Air Whale," whose bellowing (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon and utterly annihilate them for such irreverence.

Fred Walker, aged 119 years, is undoubtedly the oldest man in west Tennessee. He lived in Savannah. Mr. Walker stated that he had voted for every president of the United States, from Thomas Jefferson down to the last presidential election. Mr. Walker makes his living by copying for the county clerk of McNair county, which proves that his sight is good.

### FOR SALE.

Railroad Lands in Southern Illinois.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company are offering lands at so low a price that it seems absurd to tell what they are capable of producing, yet it is a fact that the crops from apple orchards are yielding from \$300 to \$500 per acre. There are many farmers, fruit-growers, who are realizing each year from \$150 to \$500 per acre for their fruit and early vegetables, and some who are realizing \$1000 per acre. These of course are successful men of business, who study how to do it. Do you want the same chance to make money? You can have it by going into this country and buying some of the same lands from the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and by applying the ability you have in a business manner to their improvement and cultivation, you can have in a short time as valuable land as that of a successful fruit grower, on the line of this railroad, who said the other day, "I have brought my land to such a high state of cultivation that no one can buy it from me for \$100 per acre, as I can net \$100 per acre off it every year."

Most of the lands offered for sale by the Illinois Central Railroad Company can be made to produce the same results. They lie along the line of this railroad at a distance of from 8 to 15 miles and the country is traversed by many other railroads, thus affording every facility for transportation of early fruits and vegetables to any market that may be selected, fruit express trains being run daily to Chicago, St. Louis and other points.

Sheep raising is as profitable on the hill lands there as in any place in Ohio. Address or call upon E. P. SKENE, Land Commissioner I. C. R. R. Co., 78 Michigan avenue, Chicago.

### THE BOBTOWN WITCHES

#### SURVIVING DISCIPLES OF AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

Strange Delusions Still Prevalent in Pennsylvania Hamlet—He Killed and Ate His Aunt's Ghost—A Silver Bullet Used.

The belief in witchcraft, developed about three years ago in the isolated hamlet of Bobtown, in Logan township, Millin county, has spread until now there is hardly a dozen families in the entire region free from its influence. So says a writer in the New York Sun. The village of Bobtown is the headquarters of this superstitious sect. They frequently congregate at the home of some congenial spirit and talk over matters pertaining to their strange belief. They are extremely chary of admitting strangers into their household, and under no circumstances will they divulge aught of their peculiar belief and practices.

There are two witches in this part of the globe, one a resident of Millroy and the other of Bobtown. Logan has a "doctor," or one who has the power to remove the "spell" from the victims after the unholy eye of the witch has "looked upon" them. Many are the stories related of the machinations of the witches and the power of the "doctor" to cure the magic spell. About three months ago a little child lay sick for several weeks and the child's parents believed that it was a victim of a witch's bane. The suspected witch was believed to be a resident of Logan. One dreary night in November the witch doctor of this place was sent for and after a long powwow the spell which the witch and her colleague, the prince of darkness, had wrought yielded to the secret power of the "doctor." This particular case was heralded broadcast and made a host of believers.

Another similar case of recent occurrence has created no end of commotion in the neighborhood. In this instance the enchanted one was a young married woman, whose case baffled the cunning of the witch doctor. His power failed to remove the "spell" of the sorceress, but he advised his husband to send his wife away, which he did, and to wear certain beads around his neck to guard against becoming bewitched himself. These beads were furnished by the "doctor," and are supposed to be potent in resisting the powers of sorcery. The woman has since returned to her husband fully restored, and he has laid aside the magical beads. Perhaps the most serious case resulting from this strange hallucination in this neighborhood is that of a young married woman whose reason has been dethroned.

The time-worn silver bullet story still holds mastery over the minds of these deluded creatures. A certain man's maiden aunt, who was a member of the household, was suspect of being a bad witch, possessing the occult power of transforming herself into any animal that her capricious fancy might suggest. It is the firm belief among her simple-minded associates that she enchanted scores of persons and wrought much mischief. During these supposed periodical transformations she was frequently absent for days at a time, when it was believed she existed in animal form. The nephew had devised many ways of ridding himself of his witch aunt, but she was sufficiently cunning to frustrate all his plans.

Finally, it is said he consulted a witch doctor, who advised him to shoot her with a silver bullet while she was detected in the form of an animal. He had not long to wait for an opportunity, as the troublesome aunt transformed herself into a deer soon afterward. The deer, or his aunt, as the case may be, was shot with the silver bullet and eaten, thus terminating the career of one bad witch. At any rate, this suspected witch aunt has not since returned in the human form, and the consequence is that the nephew's wife has gone hopelessly insane.

#### Surrendered at Sight.

The Duchess of Malakoff, was, as a girl, the intimate friend of the Empress Eugenie—in fact, the empress and she were, as we recollect, near akin. Walking in the garden of the palace one day, who should have in sight but Marshal Malakoff, notoriously the roughest and rudest man in all the French service.

"Ough! There is that beast again!" quoth the empress, with a shudder of genuine horror; but her young companion said nothing.

The marshal, approaching and bowing to the ladies, besought the younger one to honor him with the rose she had just plucked.

"Certainly, I will give it to you," answered the girl, sweetly; "but how can a rose please you, who live only for laurels?"

This answer completely staggered the marshal; in another moment he was hopelessly and wildly in love with that girl, and it is to his credit that he prosecuted the campaign so diligently that a year later the beautiful creature became his wife. Speaking of the episode in the garden Malakoff used to say: "I thought I was hard to conquer, but in that case, parbleu! I surrendered at the very first fire!"—Chicago News.

#### They Go Quickly.

The heroes of the civil war have disappeared much sooner after its close than did those of the revolution. It was half a century after the Declaration of Independence before Adams and Jefferson died, and the year before their death the White House had been vacated by a president who had joined the army in 1776. It is but thirty years now since the firing on Fort Sumter, and the great leaders of that period in both civil and military life are all gone.

### RUSSIAN CRUELTY.

#### Siegnalk Relates Some Sample Instances of Its Exercise.

"One of the number of children sent to Siberia that year was a boy of 15. He was arrested and confined in a fortress because he refused to betray a friend. Probably he was unable to tell the gendarmes what they wanted to know. When they were about to sentence him to exile he said to his prosecutors:

"I have done nothing. I am not dangerous."

"No, you are not dangerous now," said the gendarme who acted as judge, "but you may be some day."

"The lad died in Siberia."

"That is how they dispose of the criminal classes in Russia. If the police think a boy is likely to become anything they do not wish, he is immediately put out of the way for fear he may become dangerous. This is what retards Russian progress."

In 1878 a little 13-year-old girl named Marie Gurovsky took part in a street demonstration. The child hardly knew why she was so enthusiastic. The general discovered her and ordered her arrest. When the girl was about to be taken away some one in the crowd said that it was a shame to arrest a child of such tender years. The girl called to the crowd to rescue her from the gendarmes, and the rescue was at once made. The next day, however, the child was dragged from the arms of her mother and sent to Siberia. In 1881, the same day the emperor was killed, Marie committed suicide thrusting a dagger into her bosom when at the mines near Krasnolara. When you hear of these atrocities do you wonder at the course of the Russian Nihilist?

When innocent children are dragged from their mothers' arms and driven to suicide do you wonder at the demoralized state of affairs in Russia?

"This little girl, like thousands of others, was not taken before any judicial officer. Some police official acted as judge in her case. General Strelkov and General Novarovsky are two of the police officials who use their own judgment about sending prisoners to Siberia. They have shown alleged confessions to prisoners promising leniency to them if they would confess, claiming to know all they can tell. They simply want the confessions to be made, they say, because they pity them, but after having secured an admission have them sentenced to imprisonment for years or exiled for life. Maria Roliuki, a young woman of 20, was provoked upon in this way to reveal something after forged confessions from her friends had been shown to her. She was sentenced to twenty years. That was the kind of leniency she received."

#### One Way to Tame a Rat.

Five large gray rats are the peculiar pets of Charles Perkins, who lives on Noble street, near Eighth. The rodents evince great affection for him, following him about the house like dogs, run up his sleeve and come out at the breast, nestle around the rim of his hat, and perform a variety of tricks, such as leaping through a wire hoop and drawing a coach, four of them acting as horses and one as a driver. Asked how he had trained the rats, Perkins answered:

"It is very easy when you know how."

"Well, what is the how?"

"Simply, I trap a rat in a cage, and then examine him carefully to see if he is young and not too vicious. Having selected a proper specimen, I take him to the yard and drop him in a barrel half filled with water. If he tries to clamber up the sides, I throw him back and keep him in the water until he is completely exhausted. When he is just about to go under I take him out, pour a little brandy down his throat with a syringe, and take him to the stove, where I wrap him in a piece of blanket, cuddle him, and nurse him back to life. So grateful is he that he remains my slave forever after, fawns on me, and becomes quite a pet—Philadelphia Press.

Look out for breakers! It is a good idea to remember when you are about to employ a breaker.

Don't laugh at your wife when she tries to stomp the hen. She may like to help her stomp the raisins.

The man who said, "side whiskers at a man nothing to raise," evidently didn't speak from personal experience.

Somehow the average schoolboy can manage to love his teacher with a lot less exertion after he has got away from school.

#### A Protein Genius.

The following advertisement recently appeared in a Texas paper: "An all-round printer who has passed the 'wild-out' season of life desires a situation in some good country paper in Texas (southern part preferred) either as compositor, job artist, editor or willing to fill all in one combination. Wages must be satisfactory."—Chicago News.

#### New Chances.

Each day, each week, each month, each year, is a new chance given you by God. A new chance, a new leaf, a new life—this is the golden, the unspeakable gift which each new day offers to you.—Archdeacon Farrar.

### ART OF EUROPE.

An exploring in the London Times, calls for the loan and withdrawal of the 110-ton. They are costly, dangerous and ill-fated. No armor floats which cannot be forced by 67-toners.

A look along the German navy as it is and one is exciting violent discussions in London and the fortified cities of the German. The author, a retired naval officer, sees pretty much everything amiss in the German navy. The work at the yards is slow, defective and expensive, he says, and all reforms are proved by official red tape.

Some years ago a gunboat which once patrolled the Rhine and was captured by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war disappeared out of its moorings near Coblenz. Once it could be got for several days, eventually it was discovered that the gunboat, with half a dozen hired men, had laid it down in the darkness and had sold it in a Dutch port. All efforts to get the gunboat back failed. Two weeks ago Tilger, caught entering the house of a relative in Coblenz, was sent to the Coblenz prison, where he now awaits trial.

# ANTIOCH WEEKLY NEWS.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS, AND FOR THE RIGHT AS WE UNDERSTAND THE RIGHT TO BE.

VOL. IV. NO. 33.

J. J. BURKE, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,

THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 23, 1891.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

## Antioch Home News.

Masons are at work on the foundation of Geo. Olcott's new residence.

Our new office is now ready for occupancy and we will soon be in shape to attend to all business in our line.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Stone are the happy parents of a girl baby, born last week.

A number of our villagers have been on the sick list.

At the school meeting last Saturday evening the proposition to build was defeated by a large majority. H. G. Dardis was elected Director. In regard to this school house question we will say something in a future issue, as we are satisfied that the majority are in favor of building, but naturally, and justly too, the tax payers feel that they have a right to know something about the proposed cost of the building.

C. O. Foltz is occupying the Commons store with a new and select line of general merchandise and will be pleased to see all his old patrons and many more new ones.

Miss Addie Shaffer has returned from her winter vacation and has a new stock of spring millinery which she will be pleased to show the ladies of this vicinity. At present she is located in the old Moon house, opposite Williams Bros. new store. Miss Shaffer lost her entire stock, valued at about \$100 in the recent fire and will appreciate the renewed and increased patronage of her friends. Call on her and show that you appreciate the enterprise of our plucky milliner.

The roads are drying up but are still terrible rough.

Ye editor has been quite sick for the past ten days, which accounts for no paper appearing last week. Too much exposure at the fire and too much "gripe" afterwards is mainly the cause.

The enterprise of bro. Chinn is indeed commendable. No sooner had the fire cleaned out his buildings than he set to work to bring order out of chaos and a new brick building on the old site is the probable result in the near future. Such men as Chinn are made of the right kind of metal and are a decided advantage to any town. Instead of sitting down with folded hands when his buildings were totally lost without a dollars insurance, he goes bravely to work to repair the loss in the face of obstacles that would have daunted almost any other man. Bravo neighbor Chinn you deserve success and the News sincerely hopes it will crown your efforts.

Mr. George Johnson and Miss Minnie Hancock both of this vicinity, were married on Monday last at Burlington Wis. The News extends congratulations and wishes them a long and happy wedded life.

Mr. Joseph Barnstable's new house in Bock's addition is nearing completion and will make a handsome addition to that part of town when finished.

Mr. J. Welch, our enterprising marble man, will soon commence the erection of a new shop for his monumental work on ground a little way east of the building he now occupies.

The carpenter work on Lyman Grice's new hotel is being rapidly pushed forward. Confer Bros. have the work in charge.

The carpenters have commenced work on Mr. N. Pullens new residence in Bock's addition.

For SALE or will trade for a good team of horses, a No. 1 Piano.

Enquire at this office.

## TREVOR, WIS.

The roads are no better for travel than they have been for two or three weeks; it is almost impossible to haul anything of a load at present and still it rains occasionally.

There is not much news on account of the weather.

Mrs. J. V. Barhyle is some better and may get up again but is quite low.

N. Crowley seems to be on the gain slowly.

The Trevorite missed last week's issue for the first time since it commenced life, and it is to be hoped it will not have to do so again on account of fire.

Frank Brown is home again from Winona where he has been all winter. He intends to move back soon to work for a lumber company.

Ed Adams of Kenosha, (the pump man) has been at D. C. Stewart's three or four days on account of weather and bad roads. He has the best wind mill in use.

N. J. Schumacher has his cellar dug for his new house, and a fine well of water in the cellar. The wall is to be laid this week. Harry Orvis is to do the carpenter work.

Mr. Baker is at work on a new house for John Turnock at Liberty.

Bert Robbins is home from Florida and Frank Kingman is expected in a few days from Georgian Florida.

S. A. Didama took in Chicago last Saturday.

## HYMENEAL.

On Wednesday evening April 6th occurred the marriage of Mr. M. Haynes to Miss Nellie Didama at the home of the bride's parents in this village. Early in the evening the guests began to assemble and before the hour appointed for the ceremony had arrived the pleasant rooms were filled with relatives and friends who had come to witness the marriage ceremony and to extend their good wishes to the happy couple. Promptly at the hour of 8 o'clock the bride and groom took their places in the parlor and were made man and wife, the Rev. Holloman pronouncing the solemn words that linked their fortunes together for better or for worse. The groom was becomingly attired in a suit of black broadcloth, while the bride wore a beautiful light brown satin dress. Mr. Fred Harden and his sister Flora acted as brides maid and groomsman. After extending congratulations to the happy couple the guests repaired to the dining room where a bounteous repast awaited them, to which all present did full justice. The presents were many and serviceable and after a very pleasant evening spent together their friends departed wishing the newly married couple an abundance of happiness, in the expression of which sentiment the News joins heartily. The young couple departed the next day for a visit with relatives south of Kankakee, Ills., returning home last week.

## Millinery Goods at Cost.

Having been to Chicago I have a stock of new goods which I will sell out at cost in order to close out my stock.

Truly Yours

Mrs. Mattie F. Emmons,  
Antioch, Ills.

## GLENCOE.

There are prospects of a new rail-road depot this spring.

Mrs. J. L. Day has returned from Florida.

Mrs. G. M. Clark, Mrs. Alice Clark and Robin Clark are to visit England in June.

## DEPARTMENT OF THE INTEL OR. GENERAL LAND OFFICE.

Washington, D. C. Feb. 27, 1891.

Public notice is hereby given under section 2455, Rev. Stats., and the decision of the Honorable Acting Secretary of the Interior of September 8, 1890, that Netts Island in Pistakee Lake, section 4, township 45, north range 9 east 3d P. M. Illinois, containing 2371 acres will be offered at public sale to the highest bidder at the General Land Office Washington D. C., on Wednesday, April 15, 1891, at eleven o'clock A. M.

The offering will be made subject to the rights of John Netts, the applicant for the survey of the Island, to remove such of his improvements on the land as can be severed from the reality, and to any other rights on his part that on further investigation should be protected by the Government.

Lewis A. Groff, Commissioner and ex-officio Register and Receiver, Act of March 3, 1877.

## GRAY'S LAKE.

Mrs. Gardiner is putting the hotel in good shape to receive her summer guests.

Miss Partridge's school began on Monday with a good attendance.

Miss Cora Edwards was out from the city a few days last week visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Stephens, of Ohio, have been spending a few days with Mr. J. Longabough. Mrs. Stephens is a sister of Mr. Longabough. They speak well of our village.

We are glad to see Mrs. W. B. Higley and Miss Whitehead on our streets again.

John C. Murrie has received about 700 bushels of choice potatoes, which are going off fast. They are good for seed or eating. Call before they are all gone.

Neville Bros. have received their new boiler and other fixings for the Big Hollow butter factory. They must have had quite a time yesterday in taking it out, as the roads are bad. Frank Fisher will be the boss man.

J. R. Riel went to the city on the 20th to buy new goods. He reports trade good.

Geo. Battershall went to the city last week to buy goods.

Mrs. J. H. Phelps has a full line of millinery, ladies' underwear, etc. Call and see her.

Weber & Nevill have goods in—a large and well assorted stock of lumber—and is doing a good trade.

Mr. R. D. Parker passed through this place last week and had just time to shake hands with a few old friends.

The painters are busy at work on Mr. John Hook's new house. McCready & Co. are doing some good work. The inside graining is very nice and when completed will be one of the best residences in the place.

John Morell left for Chicago Monday morning where he intends to do dryading. He has a span of good horses and a new wagon which was supplied through C. M. Reed.

## LIBERTYVILLE.

Rev. Pomeroy attended an installation of the district at Belvidere Monday and Tuesday last.

Our roads are getting no better very fast. Between this place and Rondout, the ruts are cut to the hubs and from fence to fence, making the roads almost impassable.

Mr. John Price is contracting some brick buildings in Waukegan. John is a good builder, and those who let him work can rest assured their work will be rightly done.

C. R. Sherman was called home by the serious sickness of his parents, on Sunday last.

Messrs. Schanck, Don and Frank Wright visited Chicago last Monday.

L. B. Hanby has returned from New York.

J. W. Miller shipped two car loads of stock on Tuesday evening.

Mr. John Taylor is among us once more, called by the serious illness of Eli Triggs.

E. W. Dusenberry is setting up a press at the Union stock yards.

Mr. A. B. Cook is painting his front fence.

Mrs. Orrin Luce is reported quite sick.

Dr. Knight has been busy almost night and day during the past few weeks, as Dr. Wheeler has been unable to ride.

Rob Proctor's family had callers from Chicago over Sunday.

Messrs. Ed Appley and Frank Dusenberry viewed the sights in Waukegan on Monday last.

Mr. Dan McCormick is confined to the house.

Miss Edith Davis and Miss Nellie Galloway have both been unable to attend their respective duties during the past week.

A Japanese student at the Evanson University will deliver a lecture in the chapel on Sunday night, May 3d. Subject, "Customs of Japan and Missionary Work in Japan."

Mr. Ed. Appley has gone to Waukegan to work at carpenter work with John Abridge.

Mr. J. E. Ballard has moved into his new house on Park avenue, and is erecting a shed to his barn.

A lady teacher from Normal Park is staying for a few weeks at J. B. Allisons.

MARRIED.—At the residence of Geo. Vowles, April 16, 1891, by Rev. Pomeroy, Mr. Henry Darby, of Libertyville, to Mrs. Jennie McDougall, of Wellington, Kas.

At our village election on Tuesday a mixed ticket was elected. Our board now stands four to three in favor of license. The elected are: I. S. Gleason, president; E. W. Parkhurst, Robt. Proctor, Edwin Cook, trustees. Police Magistrate W. E. Davis and Clerk E. L. Dubois had no opposition.

## LAKE ZURICH.

Frequent rains, worse roads.

Have you begun house-cleaning?

I. H. Ficke has returned to the city.

Miss Clara Preutty has gone to Elgin.

Real estate dealers were out from the city this week.

The lumber has arrived for John Robertson's new house.

A car load of potatoes at \$1.40 per bushel were put on sale this week.

We are pleased to learn that Ernest Branding is up and around again.

It is hoped that our tonsorial artist John will open up his shaving parlor this week.

It is reported that we will soon have a train direct to the city going by way of Rondout on the St. Paul road. Good!

Mr. D. J. Gilroy and Chas. Selp visited at Waukegan Sunday, returning Monday.

Are we to have gravel roads? If so, it is about time the matter was being thought of, and some effort made. A gravel pit has been discovered on the farm of August Miller which is good news as Mr. Miller will sell it so our roads can be put in shape.

Why not form an Improvement Club in Zurich. We need agitators to get improvements.

On account of the severe rains the past week the farmers have been put back considerably in their work.

Mr. F. P. Clark transacted business at Waukegan Friday.

Mr. E. O. Hinsche, of Chicago, came out to visit his folks, and took occasion to call upon old friends.

At the school meeting last Saturday night Mr. Wm. Hillman was chosen for director to fill H. Pepper's place, whose time expired.

Mr. G. Ross, of Wayne, Ills., was in town on business.

The railroad company will soon build a round-house at this place, and we will have a Zurich train to the city.

All report a pleasant time at the party last Sunday night, given by Mr. G. Fusse.

Rondmaster Cooper, with his gang of men, are stopping at the Zurich House.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thies had their child christened at the German church last Sunday.

Subscriptions for papers and magazines received at this office at publishers' rates.

Mr. Jake Sigwalt has gone to Addison to work in a cheese factory.

The lawsuit between Wilson (plaintiff) and Blerman (defendant) did not appear before Squire Huntington, as the latter paid all costs and damages, which settled the case, we understand. Now!

H. Lohman is very busy selling machinery nowadays. Remember he can supply you with anything in his line and at bed-rock prices.

Early last Sunday morning the inhabitants of our peaceful retreat were awakened from their slumbers by the loud cry that some one had committed suicide by hanging; the vague rumor was being held when it was learned that the corpse was swinging from a pole at the corner of Clark street and Lake avenue. Sure enough, it did not escape our observation, as we approached the object of our search and learned the true state of the rumor afloat. It was only one of our citizens hung in effigy. It was finally cut down by request and made away with. The event is receiving considerable consideration at the hands of the people. It seems very strange to us that none of these night raiders can be detected and for once the laws practically applied for such misdemeanors.

Several new houses are in contemplation and soon we may hear the busy stroke of the hammer and the buzz of the saw in our midst. That is as it ought to be, for have we not the most beautiful surroundings of any part in the state?

Julius Stickert and family have moved to Deerfield to reside. Get one of those latest style—at the post office store.

Always stick to the NEWS. It is your home paper, no matter if you are poor. Remember none are so poor as the ignorant, except the depraved, and they often go together. Pay up your subscription promptly, advertise liberally and all the time rely upon it. The natural pride of the publisher will prompt him to improve it as rapidly as possible. We don't lay claim to a great store of ability; the fact is we have just sense enough to know we are not going to be killed or frightened out of our wits when a man comes up snappish and cross as a bear, just because he has been made a fool of by hoodlums. We are always glad to be able to right a wrong in the columns of our paper, but we wish to state the facts in every instance. When a man becomes so narrow-minded as to get mad because everybody don't march when he toots his little horn, he wants to emigrate to heathendom where his brethren are.

Now is the time to get your wagons and buggies painted. J. C. Meyer is an artist in this line.

A marked improvement is noticed in the butcher-shop of Hillman Bros., and extensive improvements are being made.

There are certain ones around here who are too loose with their tongues. Their talk may bring them to trouble if they are not careful.

As we go to press one day earlier than usual this week, we are compelled to omit the particulars of the Blerman & Gilroy horse-trading suit which came up before Squire Huntington Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Clark will take charge of the Fox hotel this season and accommodate the many pleasure seekers who find Zurich during the summer months.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

David Henry Edwards, a farmer living near Hartford City, Ind., was instantly killed by a tree falling on him.

A party of mountaineers rode into a tan bark camp near Rockwood, Tenn., and shot and killed six negroes and wounded ten.

At the last meeting of the present board of aldermen of Chicago the remuneration of the inspectors of oils and of boilers was reduced one-half.

The year option in wheat advanced 13 cents at San Francisco, Cal.

Gen. Gibbon, commander of the military division of the Pacific, has been placed on the retired list.

Another victim of the poisoning at a wedding feast in Linden, Ky., V. B. Snooks, father of the groom, has died.

A committee of the Lower House of the Minnesota Legislature recommended that Deputy Warden Lemon be discharged because of his inhuman treatment of convicts.

Rhode Island's Senators decline to act in their world's fair appropriation bill until their present fears, occasioned by the report of the commissioners, are allayed.

Col. Thomas J. Schurz, the Maryland historian, has presented the Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore, Md., with one of the most valuable collections of Americans in this country.

A young couple who registered at the Grand Union hotel in New York as P. Behrend and wife were found dead in their room, locked in each other's arms, having committed suicide by inhaling gas through rubber tubes.

A party of mountaineers rode into a tan bark camp near Rockwood, Tenn., and shot and killed six negroes and wounded ten.

Several villages on the lower St. Lawrence river have been flooded by high water and great loss and inconvenience caused.

Employees of the Kentucky Union railroad and mountaineers whom the road owed for timber destroyed twenty-five miles of the track.

Miss Wilma Schick, a Pittsburgh organist, horsewhipped John Kaylor, whom she charged with circulating scandalous stories about her.

While workmen were engaged in removing an unexploded charge which had been prepared for a blast in a stone quarry near Norristown, Pa., it exploded, killing two Italians and dangerously wounding another.

A mass-meeting in Bloomington, Ill., passed resolutions opposing the opening of the world's fair Sunday.

The official census of the city of Fort Wayne, Ind., is 35,303. The suburbs of South Wayne and Riverside will increase it to 40,000.

Perry Hoggan, assistant cattle inspector from the bureau of cattle industry, is located at Arkansas City, Kan., where he will label all cattle crossing the State line as southern cattle and subject to quarantine regulations.

The Delaware House has passed the Senate bill forbidding the courts to entertain applications for divorce grounded upon causes occurring in other States or countries unless such alleged causes are grounds for divorce under the law of such other State or country.

Poison in a well at Linden, Ky., a Louisville suburb, resulted in the death of one of the guests at the wedding of the daughter of Albert Hurst, a prominent and wealthy farmer. Sixty of the most prominent people of the country were present and it is expected that several will die. It is thought a servant is guilty of the deed.

Fire at Little Rock, Ark., destroyed property of the value of \$500,000, with an insurance of \$200,000.

The celebrated case of Mrs. Myra Clark Gaines against the city of New Orleans has been compromised and her heirs will receive \$800,000 in the settlement.

Prince Bismarck has consented to stand for re-ballot in Geestemunde, but he has also consented to become a candidate in the Lehr district. The latter is strongly conservative and will undoubtedly return the ex-chancellor.

Information from Buenos Ayres indicates that civil war will grow out of the complications that the presidential election will cause.

The number of deaths in Cleveland, Ohio, last week was 169. This is the largest number of deaths in one week in the history of the city.

Mrs. Catherine Dolan, of Lafayette, Ind., was fatally kicked by a horse.

The tug Alice M. Campbell is ashore near Frankfort, Mich.

A grand union church meeting at Vincennes, Ind., closed a successful revival in which all protestant denominations joined.

Tacoma is to have a permanent exposition, the last of the desired \$100,000 having been raised to begin the building.

Petitions have been filed at Ottawa, Ont., to unseat Adolphe Caron, Minister of Militia, and Sir Hector Lavigeau, Minister of Public Works, for corrupt practices.

The governor of the Creek Nation has declined to interfere with the sentence in the case of seven men who are condemned to be shot twenty miles west of Eufaula, I. T.

Charles Mama, aged five, was burned to death by a fire in his father's barn near Wichita, Kan.

The general subscription lists for the German testimonial were closed at Baltimore. The cost of the elaborate silver service will be \$5,000. The movement has not been a popular one.

Charles Cokelake and Thomas Dobson, both living near Crawfordsville, Ind., committed suicide.

James Osborne, a prominent businessman of Bridgeport, Ill., attempted suicide by taking opium. His condition is critical.

The Michigan state military board has decided to hold this year's encampment of the state troops at Whittemore Lake, Washtenaw county, commencing July 18.

Santa Clara (Cal.) grape-growers have combined to put up the price of their wine.

The widow of the late United States Senator A. C. Dodge is dying at Burlington, Iowa.

The Kaweah colony in Tulare county, California, has come to grief. It was organized on the Bellamy plan, but the leaders are said to have used the colony only as a means of enriching themselves.

General Charles S. Hamilton died at Milwaukee aged 65.

General Kilbourn Knox, Governor of the Milwaukee (Wis.) Soldiers' Home, dead. General Knox was a member of General Sherman's staff.

Milton H. Butler, a former Chicago business man, died at Mount Clemens, Mich., aged 60 years. Anson L. Storey, a brother of the late Wilbur F. Storey, died at South Bend, Ind., aged 80 years.

A large supply of corn has been brought to light in Southern Nebraska by the recent rise in prices. The Burlington & Missouri River railroad alone is moving an average of 100 cars daily.

At Alliance, Ohio, Addie Duncan, a farmer's daughter, fell from a fence and broke her neck. Legs partly devoured the body before it was found.

At Shullsburg, Wis., Mrs. Jacob Blotz shot and mortally wounded her brother, Henry Ivey, as he was entering her house for the purpose of killing her.

Col. Charles Ogden Wood of Indiana died at Washington.

A representative of the Mexican government has been sent to El Paso to meet the Presidential party and extend an invitation to visit the City of Mexico.

Mike Bowerman, the well-known trotting horseman, was expelled by the directors of the Lexington Fair Association for non-payment of rent, but from his story, without cause.

Dr. Sharp, of Stockton, Ill., who had expressed his approval of the lynching of the Italians at New Orleans, has received letters signed by the "Mafia" threatening him with death.

A bill appropriating \$50,000 for the State exhibit at the world's fair has passed both branches of the Minnesota Legislature.

Friday Enos V. Garrett, a retired merchant of Westchester, Pa., shot and killed himself. Major Benjamin F. Talbot committed suicide at Boston while crazed with leprosy.

In an altercation at Iron River, Mich., City Marshal William Leroy and Richard Williams, a cornice-maker, were dangerously wounded. Leroy may not recover and Williams lost his left arm. Williams was raising a disturbance on the street, and Marshal Leroy ordered him to desist.

Five flights of stairs in Vice-President Morton's Washington hotel, the Shoreham, fell into the cellar. The accident disclosed an appalling degree of carelessness and bad workmanship in the construction of the building.

If the pressure of Spanish interests had not been counteracted by the demands of the Cuban commission of notables, who were determined to obtain reciprocity with the United States, Premier Canovas would have declined to make such concessions.

The prospect of a dangerous tension on the relations of Spain with Cuba and Porto Rico, resulting possibly in civil war, obliged the government to sacrifice home industries to colonial interests. Under the new convention America will obtain a kind of "colonization" of the Spanish Antilles. Her wheat, beans, flour, lard, petroleum, manufactured products and machinery will enter practically free of duty. Among other Spanish exports olive oil will be replaced by American lard, and beans, now exported to Cuba in large quantities, will cease to be sent. The advantages resulting to Cuba will be great, but it is impossible to estimate the injury to Spanish trade.

**BALMACEDA'S ARMY ROUTED.**

**Seventeen Hundred of His Soldiers Slain and One Thousand Wounded.**

Details of the second battle of Pozo de Almonte have just been made public.

At Valparaiso the rebels in the dead of night seized all the guns of the fortress Los Andes and captured the transport Maipu without firing a gun or losing a man. In Pozo de Almonte the royal troops were defeated, over 1,700 of their number being killed, 1,500 wounded, and 1,000 taken prisoner. All the guns and artillery parks in the north are in the hands of the insurgents and every steamer chartered by the government to bring arms has been invariably captured by the insurgents.

The officials of the several departments are loth about giving information of any kind to the press. Many cables sent out from Chile to the effect that the government has won such and such battles are "doctored."

**SIX TEXAS OUTLAWS MAY BE SHOT.**

Six outlaws who have been terrorizing the border near what is known as the peninsula have been captured.

These are the outlaws who made a raid two weeks since on the ranch of Victoriano Hernandez in Presidio county, Texas. They arrived at the Hernandez ranch, intending to kill the proprietor.

An American, Frank Duke, who happened to be there, was killed by the first fusilade and Hernandez wounded so that he died later. The bandits were beaten off by a son of the ranchman, who wounded two of them. One of the prisoners has confessed and the gang will be tried in Chihuahua and be shot or sent to the salt mines.

**CHAMBER DEPESH IN THE WEST.**

At Chicago, April 18.—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Chauncey M. Depew, H. McK. Twombly, and several other Vanderbilt officials arrived in Chicago.

They will make a ten days' tour through the West.

**TOOK HIS OWN LIFE.**

Joel E. Sheldon, a prominent merchant of Oregon, Illinois, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head. He was about 45 years old and leaves two young boys. His wife died a month ago.

**AN ELECTION JUDGE INDICTED.**

In Chicago, Ill., the grand jury has returned an indictment against Dennis Sheehan for violating the election law by breaking the ballot-box in the Twentieth precinct of the Nineteenth ward where he was judge of election. The vote was unanimous.

**FORGED A WILL.**

In Chicago, Illinois, John C. Cosgrove and James R. McElligott were found guilty of forging the will of the late Louis A. Jerome. Cosgrove's punishment was assessed at nine and McElligott's at three years in the penitentiary.

**EX-CONVICTS COMING FROM ITALY.**

At New York another large batch of Italian immigrants, 1,558 in number, was landed at the large office to-day. Two of the Italians that arrived on the Alesia have been debarred, it having come to the knowledge of the large officials that they are ex-convicts.

## SPAIN GETTING EAGER.

**SHE MAKES A GENEROUS BID FOR RECIPROCITY.**

**AMERICAN SHIPPERS TO BE FAVORED IN THE CUBAN MARKETS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE SPANIARDS.**

Madrid cablegram: The reciprocity convention between Spain and the United States, as drafted by Premier Canovas del Castillo, representing Spain, and Gen. J. W. Foster, representing the United States, is based, so far as the United States is concerned, upon the third or reciprocity section of the new American tariff law. In return for the privilege of free entry into the United States of Antilles sugar, molasses, coffee and hides and a reduction of the duty on tea, America will obtain exemption from duties on most of her raw and manufactured products and a reduction of the tariff on cereals and flour.

The negotiations were protracted upon the question of the entire abolition of the tariff on cereals, flour and oils, including petroleum and lard.

The same question in regard to tobacco was also raised, but not coming within the scope of the third section of the American tariff law was put aside. Premier Canovas offered protracted resistance to the abolition of the tariff on flour, Barcelona and Santander traders who are largely interested in flour shipments presented energetic protests, which fortified the minister in his indisposition to accede to the American proposals.

Eventually representations that American reciprocity would be impossible without the free admission of American cereals induced Canovas to assent to such a reduction of the tariff as will place American flour upon a nearly equal footing with Spanish flour.

Santander merchants declared that taking into consideration the cost of the transportation of Castile grain, of which the bulk goes to the Antilles, American flour will crush out the Spanish product in the Spanish West Indies. Cuba now consumes 500,000 barrels of flour yearly, chiefly Spanish, which enters free of duty, and pays for it \$12 a barrel. Trade in American flour, burdened with an extra duty of 20 per cent since 1889, has been completely wiped out to the advantage of the Spanish product.

Under the new convention the entry of American flour practically free of duty will lower the price to about \$6 a barrel and will extinguish the importation of Spanish flour while increasing the Cuban consumption to 1,000,000 barrels yearly, all of which will be American product.

If the pressure of Spanish interests had not been counteracted by the demands of the Cuban commission of notables, who were determined to obtain reciprocity with the United States, Premier Canovas would have declined to make such concessions.

The prospect of a dangerous tension on the relations of Spain with Cuba and Porto Rico, resulting possibly in civil war, obliged the government to sacrifice home industries to colonial interests.

Under the new convention America will obtain a kind of "colonization" of the Spanish Antilles. Her wheat, beans, flour, lard, petroleum, manufactured products and machinery will enter practically free of duty.

Among other Spanish exports olive oil will be replaced by American lard, and beans, now exported to Cuba in large quantities, will cease to be sent.

The advantages resulting to Cuba will be great, but it is impossible to estimate the injury to Spanish trade.

**THE ALLIANCE SPREADING.**

**Preparing for State Organizations in New York and New Jersey.**

The Farmers alliance was organized in New York State, at convention held in Hornellsville, Steuben county. There are now some 400 local branches on subordinate alliances in this State, the total membership being 15,000.

At present these branches transact all their business with the national organization. New Jersey will be the next State organized, and this will be effected within the next six days.

There are now more than forty local alliances in that State. In Pennsylvania it is said the grangers are coming into the alliance by counties.

**UNDER A FALLING ROOF.**

**Narrow Escape of Twenty Boston Firemen.**

Boston, Mass., telegram: A fire occurred early in the morning in the Chipman building, corner of Court and Hanover streets. It is a five-story brick structure, and is principally occupied by Bailey & Rankin, jobbers and retailers of carpets.

The Emperor Was Hot.

Berlin cablegram: The Kaiser is much annoyed by the disregard of his wishes shown by a number of cavalry officers in attending the hurdle society races. Last Sunday the emperor's brother-in-law, Duke Günther of Schleswig-Holstein, who was among the delinquents, received the full measure of the imperial resentment. So loud and menacing was the language in which it was conveyed that the empress ran to the room to protect her brother, whom the emperor was denouncing as a blasphemous jockey. The duke and his partners in guilt spent the Sunday in barracks, deprived of tobacco and liquors and in other respects treated as prisoners.

**Have Found the Missing Link.**

Findlay, Ohio, telegram: The missing link in the chain of title establishing Gen. Fremont's claim to the island of Alcatraz, in San Francisco bay, was received to-day by W. R. Covert of this city, who is one of the claimants under Fremont, his having furnished part of the purchase money. This missing part of the title is in the form of a grant from the Mexican government to Pino Temple, the man from whom Gen. Fremont made the purchase. The United States has possession of this island and Fremont's heirs are suing for its value, which is estimated at \$10,000,000.

**May Stop Fair Work.**

Probably all of the men who are working for McArthur Bros. on the World's fair grounds will strike if the contractors do not raise their wages. Since work began McArthur Bros. have been paying \$1.75 for eight hours' work and have appointed a committee of five to wait on the McArthurs and tell them that if the demand be not granted all the laborers will be called off at once.

**AN M. P. IN LIMBO.**

London cablegram: Capt. E. H. Verney, the member of Parliament for Buckinghamshire, accused of procuring a girl for immoral purposes, surrendered himself to the authorities when the case was called for trial in the Bow street court. Nellie Basket, the complainant, positively identified Verney as the man who, under the name of Wilson, met her in Paris and made proposals of a compromising character to her.

**SIoux CITY HAS AN ELEVATED ROAD.**

The elevated railroad in Sioux City, Iowa, was opened to the public with a general celebration. The road is one mile and a half long and cost \$300,000. It connects with a suburban system of surface tracks which it brings into the heart of the city. The road is double-tracked and is the third of the kind finished in the country.

**A CATHOLIC PRIEST MURKED.**

The jury in the \$25,000 suit brought by Henry Baus, of Wood Haven, N. Y., against Alyodys Steffen, pastor of St. Joseph's Roman Catholic church in the village, for alleged alienation of his wife's affections, awarded the plaintiff \$1,000 damages.

**DIRE EFFECT OF THE GRIP.**

## THE FARM AND HOME.

### SOME OF THE SYMPTOMS OF HOG CHOLERA.

Hints That Will Bear Re-printing—Paint for Rough Wood-Work—Getting Rid of Weeds—Uses for Potatoes.

The Iowa state board of health gives the following symptoms of hog cholera, which will bear re-printing: The presence of the disease is indicated by a cold shivering lasting from a few seconds to several hours; frequent sneezing followed by loss of appetite, rough appearance of the hair, drooping of the ears, stupor, attempts to vomit, tendency to root the bedding, to lie down in dark and quiet places, dullness of the eye, often dim; sometimes swelling of the head, eruption of the ears and other parts of the body, dizziness, laborious breathing, flattened appetite for dung, dirt and salty substances, accumulation of mucus in inner corner of the eyes, discharge from the nose, fetid and offensive odor of discharges from the bowels, offensive exhalations; diarrhoeal discharges are semi-fluid, or grayish green color and often mixed with blood. In many cases the skin on the belly between the hind legs, behind the ears and even on the nose has numerous red spots, which toward the fatal termination turn purple. As the disease progresses the animal becomes sluggish, the head droops with the nose near the ground, but usually will be found lying down with the nose high in the bedding. If there has been constipation, about two days before death there will be offensive, febrile discharge, the voice becomes faint and hoarse; the animal is stupid; emaciation increases rapidly; the skin becomes dry, hard and very uneasian; there is cold, clammy sweat, and death soon follows, with convulsions, or gradually by exhaustion, without a struggle. In chronic diseases, or those of long duration, the animal becomes weak, lies down most of the time, eats but little and has diarrhea. These cases may linger for weeks, scattering the poison of the disease in the discharge wherever they go.

#### To Paint Rough Wood Work.

Those in search of a cheap paint for coarse wood work or stone work might give the following recipe a trial. It is highly recommended by a contributor to the columns of the New England Homestead, after lengthy experience by his father, who has spent a long life as a painter, is a practical man and knows the weak points of most mixtures used as substitutes for paint:

Take a peck of lump lime; while the liquid is still slightly warm add four ounces of glue after dissolving, a quart of linseed raw oil and such color as is preferred, stirring it all well together. This will stand almost as long as paint on stone, brick and wood and will not rub. Whitewash or dry color put on with water will stand long and do well if varnished over with raw oil. These recipes are equal to the best calcimine and eminently adapted to outdoor exposure. Try small samples first if mistakes are feared. The amount specified will cover at least 1,000 square foot of surface. It may be applied rapidly with a whitewash brush, although it will look better and form more of a protection if painted closely into broken surfaces. Winter is one of the best times in which to put it on.

#### Getting Rid of Weeds.

The prospect of a final eradication of weeds is not so good as we could wish, for without doubt nothing could be more helpful to the progress of American farming. A large part of the manure given to crops goes to produce weeds, as does most cultivation to eradicate them. Yet market gardeners who manure most heavily and cultivate most thoroughly find weeds confronting them still. It will be centuries hence when the mass of farming lands are tilled as gardens now are, and until then weeds of some sort will continue to vex the farmer. Some kinds of weeds will disappear under high cultivation, but others will grow the more rampant. Canada thistles will probably yield first to thorough cultivation, but some of the smaller annuals, as rag weed and charlock, will continue to appear many years after no specimen has been allowed to seed. It is those minute seeds that lie waiting in the ground which are likely hereafter to give more trouble to the cultivator of the soil than any other. As the country becomes more densely populated it must necessarily be cultivated more highly, or as gardens are now, and the weeds now most troublesome to gardeners will be the pests of all soil cultivators.

#### New Uses for Potatoes.

The employment of potatoes for making starch will undoubtedly have the effect of absorbing large amounts of potatoes when they are very cheap, and thus preventing glutted markets that do not pay the grower for his labor. The evaporation of starch is also a method by which the crop one year may be kept over to another. But the latest use for potatoes is as a substitute for bone and ivory. By the use of certain acids the potato is hardened, and it may before this be cut or molded into buttons or whatever shapes are most desired. Potato buttons are now often worn when the origin of the button is not suspected, as they may be colored to suit any fancy.

#### Always Something to Eat.

The expenses of the farm and family go on through all the year. It is almost impossible to make profit unless there is equal continuity in selling. There may be and should be special crops that furnish the bulk of the money received from the farm; but if this is drawn upon by a continual drain not relieved by any new supply, it will be drawn down to nothing. For years

southern farmers have depended wholly on their sales of cotton, and though this is one of the most profitable crops grown, it has been impossible for southern planters to keep out of debt until they adopted the northern plan of growing a diversity of crops.

#### Farm Notes.

The generous farmer reaps generous crops.

The lambs should be in an inclosure and be fed by themselves.

Costly experiments never pay. Adam found that out the first time he tried it.

It is the last load of manure that feeds your crop; all before that feeds the land.

It is a poor crop that will not pay for keeping an account of its cost and receipts.

Something does not come of nothing. The elements of the crop must be in the soil.

Mr. Murfeldt says a cow is like a closet or cupboard—you can take nothing out unless you put something in.

A deep sandy loam is among the very best soils in which to successfully plant. If a little gravelly, all the better.

The first four or five months feed for bone and muscle; after that more fat, though a variety should always be given.

The soil intended for a strawberry bed should be plowed deep, and when ready for the plants, like a pulverized bank of ashes.

In setting out plants do not sprinkle the foliage, as it causes moisture to collect, injurious to the crown of the plant, causing rot.

Keep the barn yard cleaned up. A nail in a horse's hoof may cause you more trouble than it would to keep the yard clean for a lifetime.

The bush Lima bean is very highly commended. It needs no poles, is of excellent quality, can be planted closer than the tall Lima and stands the drought better than snap beans.

The way for a farmer to determine his profit or loss is the way every other competent business man keeps books. It is to balance aggregate receipts against aggregate expenses.

All roots must go down their full length into the soil, spread apart fan-shaped, and then the soil firmly pressed around them with the hands, clearing the crown even with or a little above the surface.

To keep the barn and stable doors open has troubled many men. The time spent by the world in hunting up sticks to prop doors back would make many years. Yet a simple hook on the barn, and staple on door—costing scarcely anything—would do the business.

A farmer need not bother his brain nor fool his time away trying to follow a system of line breeding in growing swine. Leave this to the professionals. Better study the systems of feeding and improve on them than to spend time studying pedigrees. Feeding and not pedigrees is in his line of work. We would not have him ignore the value of a pedigree, but first he wants the hog, and it is not necessary for him to know of the pedigree further than that the animal is purely bred and not too closely related to the breeding stock already on the farm.

#### Hints to Housekeepers.

It saves time and leather to have a broom, brush and dustpan for every floor in the home.

Equal parts of sweet oil and vinegar and a little gun oil make an excellent furniture polish.

In roasting meat turn with a spoon, instead of a fork, as the latter pierces the meat and lets the juice out.

Hot tallow is said to remove machine oil from white goods. Repeated applications will also remove ink stains, if exposed to the rays of the sun.

Thin glass is too good a conductor of heat to be advisable for keeping toilet-creams, which preserve their quality best in thick glassware or pottery.

Here is a "highly recommended corn cure!" Dip in water a piece of common washing soap and rub the troublesome growth with it two or three mornings a week.

To keep glassware bright, wipe directly from the hot suds. Tumblers used for milk should be thoroughly rinsed in cold water before being immersed in hot suds, as hot water seems to drive the milk into the glass and give them a dingy appearance.

Boiled eggs, to slice nicely, should be put over the fire in cold water, and should remain fifteen minutes after the water begins to boil, and allowed to cool in the same water. If cooled by dropping them into cold water they will not peel smoothly.

When decanters and carafes become so discolored inside that shot or fine coal will not cleanse them, fill the bottle with finely chopped potato skins, cork tightly and let the bottle stand for three days, when the skins will ferment. Turn out and rinse. The bottle will be as bright and clean as when new.

Black satin can be stiffened by sponging with vinegar and water, a tablespoonful of the former to a pint of water. Sponge on the wrong side, then more lightly on the right side and press on the wrong. If there are grease or other spots on it they may be removed by the use of alcohol and ammonia in equal parts, diluting each tablespoonful of the mixture with a pint of water.

It is not generally known that commercial glycerine contains a considerable portion of arsenic. The fact should be borne in mind by persons who imagine this article to be so harmless that it can be used in almost any quantity. A recent medical journal reports a case in which a gentleman nearly lost his life through symptoms closely resembling those of cholera by the use of a cheap grade of glycerine. Unless the glycerine is chemically pure, it is liable to produce poisonous symptoms when taken internally.

## TRAPPING THE OTTER.

### HOW A MARYLANDER GETS THE VALUABLE PELTS.

A Typical Eastern Shoreman Scours Methods Employed by Modern Hunters of the Otter, and Makes a Good Living.

—

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And folding his arms he contemplated his trophies with a look of supreme satisfaction. There are various devices for killing this aquatic animal, principal among which is shooting. This method is tabooed entirely by Mr. Anderson, for, he alleges, the shot not only mutilates the hide, but disfigures it as well, the lead leaving pale blue spots, which depreciates the value of the skin in the market. Another method is the steel trap baited with a fish. This method is generally ignored by experienced trappers, who have substituted wooden boxes with a wire spring door. The otter, when caught in the steel trap, lacerates itself terribly in its vain attempts to free itself, rendering the hide absolutely unfit to put upon the "stretcher."

Mr. Anderson has invented a device of his own, whereby the pelt is preserved almost intact. It consists of an ordinary fishing net, woven upon two crescent-shaped pieces of hard wood, resembling an old fashioned money purse. The mouth opens and closes with a spring. To this spring is attached a light rope about twenty yards in length. At the bottom of the net is placed a weight sufficient to bring the pieces of wood when the net is set, on a level with the surface of the water. A fish is tied in the net as bait. The net is taken out in a boat and set and secreted in a clump of thick undergrowth on shore. Mr. Anderson patiently waits and watches.

The night is dark and still. Presently a tiny plunge, a ripple on the water and a small black object is observed swimming noiselessly in the direction of the net. The keen-scented otter has discovered its prey. It disappears, and in a twinkling a loud "click" is heard and the net is moving rapidly toward the shore as if impelled by some unseen power. A slight blow upon the head, a quick gash across the throat with a sharp knife and the struggles of the helpless animal are at an end.

The skin is removed as slowly as possible, care being taken that it does not split or that no peel flesh comes with it. It is thoroughly washed with soap and water and rinsed in clear, cold water to remove the particles of sand and mud that adhere to the hair. It is then stretched upon a flat, thin board and hung up on a rafter until it is thoroughly dry. The pelt is allowed to remain in this position about two weeks. When taken off the board the hair is combed with a fine-toothed comb, and the pelt is then placed in a huge cedar chest until the spring shipment occurs, when they are baled in twelves and shipped to destination.

Mr. Anderson will not tell what he receives for his pelts, but as he is skillful and painstaking in their preparation for the market it is said by those who know that he receives better prices than any other hunter on the shore.

The Sparrow a Nuisance.

The Christian Union has revived the old controversy over the English sparrow. Says an Ohio farmer: "We miss the young of the robin, the oriole, the wren and other native songsters whose habitat it has been to nestabout and near the house. I notice the man in Utah, who took the American Agriculturist prize for wheat, estimated that his yield had been diminished a number of bushels per acre by the depredations of this bird. I have seen them so thick

on a shock of wheat in the field that it had more the color of the birds than the wheat. The idea of introducing these grain-eating birds to rid the country of insect pests must have been hatched in some undeveloped brain, and the man who introduced them should be hung in effigy in every town and hamlet in the union."

#### BRIAR ROOT PIPES.

Some of Them are Made of Bruyere Root and Some Not.

Within two years pipe smoking has quadrupled. People smoke pipes because by doing so they get a better smoke and pay nothing for it—next to nothing as compared with cigars.

But the great thing, if you are going in for pipe smoking, says the New York Sun, is to know how to get a pipe and what kind of a pipe to get. To begin with the day of the meerschaum pipe has gone. Where one man buys a meerschaum ten buy a briar. Briar pipes, or more properly bruyere pipes, are made of the wood and root of the bruyere bushes, and the south of France supplies nearly all the raw material for this now really great industry.

But you are not to suppose because you are going in for a plain everyday briar pipe that you are going to get it for a small price. You can just get a fairly good, straight, unornamented briarwood pipe for a five-dollar bill.

If you want something first-class you must pay from \$18 to \$28 for it. And in these last named high priced pipes it is not the amber mouthpiece or the silver ornamentation which costs the money. It is the wood in the bowl itself which is expensive.

It should be borne in mind that a pipe made from the bruyere wood and the bruyere root are two different things. The bruyere root, which is the part of it from which the pipes are cut, is a gnarled, clumsy mass about as big as a big fist. It has three peculiarities: It is very hard; it is at the same time porous and will take on a beautiful color, like a meerschaum; it will also take a beautiful polish.

The bruyere wood is coarser in grain and is not porous. What is particularly looked at in a briar root pipe is the fineness of the grain and the beauty of the markings. These go to make up the beauty of a bit of bruyere root just as the various grades of crystalline purity go to make up the value of a diamond. You cannot get a fine-grained, well-marked, straight pipe short of \$15. It should be remembered, though, that when you have bought a pipe of this kind you have got a pipe for life. With ordinary care they never wear out, and a curious thing is that the longer you smoke a bruyere root pipe the sweater it gets.

In this respect it is superior to a meerschaum. A meerschaum is at its best when you buy it. An aged meerschaum is sure to become more or less "high" in odor.

#### Admired Genius.

A farmer, driving a mulish-looking horse, attached to an old-time "carry-all," came to town. His horse stopped in front of a corner drug store, and refused to go on. The farmer urged the animal, and then proceeded to beat him with a rope, but, without avail. Of course hundreds of men came up and offered advice. A balked horse is perhaps more fruitful of suggestion than anything else can hope to be.

Osceola man told the farmer to twist his tail; and another one said that a bundle of fodder held before his eyes would have the desired effect. After awhile the farmer turned to a quiet man standing on the edge of the sidewalk and asked:

"What have you got to say?"

"Nothing."

"Isn't there some mistake about that?"

"None whatever."

"Are you sure?"

"I am certain."

"Is it possible," said the farmer, "that you stand there and see a balked horse, and have no suggestion to make?"

"It is not only possible, but an absolute fact."

"Where do you live?"

"In this town."

"Are you going home pretty soon?"

"Yes, but why?"

"Well, I have a bushel of fresh eggs that I want to present to you. Here, take this basket, and when you need any farm truck let me know, and it shan't cost you a cent. I admire genius and say that you are

## AN ARMENIAN LULLABY.

If thou wilt close thy drowsy eyes,  
My mulberry one, my golden sun!  
The rose shall sing thee lullabies,  
My pretty cosset lambkin!

And thou shalt swing in an almond tree,  
With a flood of moonbeams rocking thee—  
A silver boat in a golden sea—  
My velvet love, my nestling dove.

My own pomegranate blossom!

The stork shall guard thee passing well—  
All night, my sweet, my dimpled feet!  
And bring thee myrrh and asphodel,  
My gentle rain of springtime!

And for thy slumberous play shall twine—  
The diamond stars with an emerald vine  
To trail in the waves of ruby wine—  
My hyacinth bloom, my heart's perfume,

My cooling little turtle!

And when the moon wakes up to see—  
My apple bright, my soul's delight!  
The partridge shall come calling thee,  
My jar of milk and honey!

Yet, thou shalt know what mystery lies  
In the amethyst deep of the curtained skies,  
If thou wilt fold thy onyx eyes,

You wakful one, you naughty son,

You chirping little sparrow!

—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

## A PRIEST'S VENGEANCE.

There was no bonnier lass on all the country side than Mollie Doen. To be sure she had no dower but beauty, and her mother had only a life lease of the cottage, \$100 a year of pension and one cow, but Mollie was a sweet girl, gentle and gracious, yet so full of youth and strength and loveliness that each lad in the country longed for her. When, finally, she gave her choice to Jule Faen, all agreed that she had done wisely, although her other lovers were likely to die of grief. Jule had a hundred acres of land and a snug sum in the bank, and he was a goodly youth, who never spoke evil of any, unless in the heat of passion, and for brawn and bravery not one of his friends could surpass him.

On a certain Sunday morning in June Mollie went cheerily up the winding path of the hillside beyond her mother's cottage driving the cow to pasture. It was still early morning and the new born sun touched all the awakened earth with dainty light. The birds were loudly chanting their orisons of grateful praise for life, the hedge roses smiled blushingly through tears of dew, Mollie sang blithely as she mounted the rude path:

Over the mountains,  
And over the waves,  
Under the fountains,  
And under the graves,  
Under floods that are deepest,  
Which Neptune obey,  
Over rocks that are steepest,  
Love will find out the way."

"Where there is no place  
For the glow worms to lie,  
Where there is no—"

The song had ended in a sob of terror. There, close beside the path, lay Jule, dead! His head crushed by a fearful blow, and the dark stains of the cold blood upon his face.

Mollie gazed at him for a moment and all the tortures of countless years seemed to clutch her heart to tear it from her. Then she fell beside him and pillow'd the poor gory head upon her bosom. But he was cold beneath her caresses and his open eyes stared unconcernedly into the impenetrable vault of the heavens, as if they watched the soul that wandered there.

By and by Mollie's mother, vaguely anxious at her daughter's unusual delay, went to seek her. As the old woman climbed the hill she smiled and murmured, "I shall find her with Jule."

Yes, she found her with Jule. The good woman found the twain locked in one another's arms; but one was dead and cold and the other dumb with misery.

And when she had looked for a little time the mother crept silently away and told her neighbors, and the men came and put apart the lovers, and then, with sorrowing faces and silent steps, bore Jule to his own house.

All the village was aghast at the tragedy. At the inquest it was discovered that Jule had gone to a neighboring town and had received \$250 in payment for some huy which he had sold. He had started for home alone at about 10 o'clock in the evening. An examination of the body revealed the fact that his wallet was gone, and, although his watch was in its place, there remained no doubt that he had been murdered and robbed. No clue to the murderer was discovered, and as time passed the people began to forget the crime, and only sighed when a wan and weary woman stole swiftly by them and they thought of what had been the fresh loveliness of Mollie Doen.

The parish priest, Pere Ambrose, was Jule's brother, and, as he went about his holy work, he maintained steadfastly within his heart the resolve to bring his brother's assassin to justice.

Three years after Jule's death Pere Ambrose was called to the bedside of John Barton, who was thought to be dying. Barton was an old man—poor and surly—but, so far as any one knew, honest.

In his confession he revealed, to the horror-stricken priest, that he had killed Jule.

Soon afterward, to the amazement of all, Barton's malady abated and he was soon thoroughly recovered.

Bound by the seal of the confessional, the priest could only clench his hands and groan in anguish when he met the murderer. The vile nature of Barton seemed to find an evil pleasure in the holy man's despair, and, so far from avoiding him in shame should have directed, he sought his company that he might gloat upon his agony. Then Pere Ambrose laid a plot, and thereupon when Barton came to him he no longer avoided his presence but controlled his wrath, and even entered into conversation and seemed anxious to be friendly with the criminal. Barton was astonished, but the fatality of

his crime barred him from suspicion. As time went on, the priest and Barton became, seemingly, the best of friends; so that the people marveled, and some shook their heads in doubt, while others were glad that a man so repulsive as Barton had turned to the beauties of religion.

One day, as the priest and Barton were sitting in the little garden behind the priest's house, the priest spoke unconcernedly:

"By the way, Barton, how did you get rid of the club which you used on poor Jule?"

As the priest spoke he had his eye fixed on the distant cross of his church and Barton could not see the gleam of fearful hate which shone beneath his eyelids.

Barton grinned slyly, as he answered:

"Oh, I was too smart to use club. I used a stone. And when Jule came down the path by the fir tree, I jumped and struck him. The one blow killed him, and then I threw the stone into the river, where it can never tell any tales. Do you see?"

"Yes, I see!" answered Pere Ambrose. "Excuse me for a moment, will you?"

After the father had left the garden, Barton sat musing upon his crime. He had never had any remorse worthy of the name. He believed that once or twice he had happened to think that it would have been better to have had the money without killing Jule, who was a good fellow, but, between having the money, simply by killing him and not having it all, there could be no doubt that it was best to have the money anyhow. "Poor Pere Ambrose!" he said to himself, "he thought the world of Jule; even now, much as he likes me, he can't stand to talk about how I killed him."

"He's gone a long time, it seems to me. I wonder what he's doing? I think I'll see if I can't find him." As he rose to his feet, a heavy hand fell on his shoulder and he heard the clank of steel, while a harsh voice said:

"I arrest you for the murder of Jules Faen!"

Before he could turn to strike or fly, the iron was on his wrists, and as he strained frenziedly at the unrelenting bands a horrible rage came upon him, and he gnashed his teeth and howled curses on his captors and cried:

"I am innocent! Innocent! Do you hear? I tell you I am innocent!"

Then suddenly he saw Pere Ambrose standing before him. A red mist fell before his eyes and wrath overwhelmed him. He would have sprung upon the priest, but the officers held him back. And then fom flecked his mouth and he cried:

"Oh, it was you then, vile purveyor! Curse you! Liar! Damned! You have broken the seal of the confession! It was under the vow of silence that I told you I had killed Jule. Curse you! Curse you!"

The voice of Pere Ambrose was very calm, but with a ring of triumph in the quiet tones as he answered: "I have broken no vow. I have violated no seal. Only, when in my garden this morning, as man to man, you told me how you killed my brother Jule, I called the officers to arrest you, assassin!"

They tell the tale still in the country side, how John Barton's crime was discovered by the good priest, and when Mollie Doen meets Pere Ambrose she always prays him for his blessing, very reverently.

## The Talmud.

What is the Talmud? The Talmud is the title applied to the Mishnah and Gemara, two collections of Jewish traditions and decisions relative to the law as given by Moses. The Mishnah is the earliest collection of tradition, any matter in regard to the law, and the Gemara is an elucidation of the Mishnah text, consisting of a running commentary, explanations and opinions given by renowned rabbinical scholars. The comments are frequently in the form of an argument, reasons pro and con being advanced, and instances cited in support of the positions assumed by the imaginary contestants. There are two Talmuds, or commentaries; that of Jerusalem and that of Babylon, the latter being regarded as more complete and satisfactory. The compilation of the Talmud was begun, it is said, about the time of the return from the Babylonian captivity, B. C. 536, and was completed in the second or third century after Christ. It is, therefore, a body of Jewish thought and doctrine, covering a period of 600 or 700 years.

## Women's Superior Courage.

"Most people think that men are more courageous than women," said Dr. S. D. Black, of New York, "but the dentist knows that this is not true. As a rule a man will groan and swear when a dentist tries to fill his teeth, squirming, gripping the arm of the chair and making a big row about it. And the heavier the man the bigger coward he is. I've seen a strapping pig athlete sit down to have a tooth pulled and almost faint while I was looking at it. On the other hand, a light, little bit of a woman will calmly close her eyes, lean her head back in the chair and submit to tortures that would make the Sphinx swoon into insensibility. No, sir; a woman can stand a dozen times the pain that a man will undergo."

## Make It a Crime.

Nearly three-fourths of the states in the union have passed laws restricting in some way or other the sale of cigarettes. The hope may be indulged that the time will come when the actual criminality of smoking the abominable things where innocent people are compelled to smell them will be recognized and established by law. —Chicago Tribune.

## STORY OF A Nihilist.

### SHE IS VERY BEAUTIFUL BUT FULL OF HATRED.

Sophie Gunzburg's Plot Against the Czar—Love Her Chief Weapon—Pathetic Scene at the Court Trial.

No authentic account has yet been given of the late political trial—or rather condemnation—of Russian nihilists for high treason; for trial, in the English sense of the term, there was none, writes the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph. I have just had a long conversation with one of the dignitaries who played the part of judge, jury and counsel for the crown during the brief ceremony, which began by accusation and ended in condemnation to death; and the details communicated by him—which are worthy of implicit credence—throw a strong if lurid light upon Russian nihilists in particular and the Russian character generally, and if properly worked up by a Zolaistic realist would make a most sensational novel.

The ringleader of the conspirators, and now the chief of the prisoners, is—

as is frequently the case in Russian politics—a woman; in this instance a woman of excellent education, of iron will, of ravishing beauty and of undaunted courage; a woman in many respects superior to the celebrated Sophia Perovskaya, who directed the operations that culminated in the foul murder of the late emperor, whom she so soon afterward followed to the grave. This person, Sophia Gunzburg by name, narrated the eventful story of her checkered life to her unsympathetic judges, and narrated it in a most calm, unimpassioned, objective way, which the most impartial of historians might well envy.

She was a Jewess by birth, she said, and had been brought up in the pale of settlement, outside of which Jews are not allowed to wander at large. Her parents had given her the best education that was to be had under the unfavorable public and private conditions in which their lot was cast. Natural aptitude and the oppression that stimulates when it does not crush effected the rest, and in time Sophia Gunzburg became a sort of Jewish Hypatia of the pale. The religious and moral principles, however, instilled into her by her mother and her early teachers were soon washed away by the surge of daily life as it rolled on in the narrow channel of the pale, wrecking young hopes and burying legitimate desires. She saw some of the most estimable men and women of her nation compelled daily to barter their religion for a mess of pottage or for still less, the barren right to work for it. She grew accustomed to the sight, and in time the finer moral fiber of her nature was eaten into by the cancer of hatred—hated for the government, which she deemed responsible for this cruel persecution, unparalleled since the days of the most tyrannical of the Roman Caesars. After having graduated in the ordinary establishments of intermediate education, Sophia left her birthplace, to which she refuses the name of motherland, and went abroad to breathe the bracing air of freedom.

In Geneva her vague inclinations and tendencies were gradually molded into a perfect system of cruel, cold-blooded revenge, which has scarcely its parallel in history. It was in that historic town that she meditated and brooded over the wrongs inflicted by Russia, until at last she hatched a plot, the bare outlines of which make one shudder, and which was certainly more worthy of a fury in human shape than of a beautiful maiden standing upon life's threshold with all the joys and pleasures of existence before her.

Holding the government responsible for the innumerable evils that deluge the country, she applied the autocratic principle to the extent of admitting that the government is the czar—and the czar she determined to slay! Such was the object of the plot.

The means she intended to employ in order to attain it were to pull as abominable as the end in view. She resolved to gather a select band of young men and, dazzling them by the almost irresistible charms of her beauty, to administer to each, unknown to the other, a solemn oath binding him to her behests and to assassinate the emperor on a day and in a manner fixed by her. She was determined that if one failed another should take his place, and still another after him, until at last the foul deed should be done. The emperor's successor, too, unless he struck out a new line of policy, was to be stamp out of existence in the same ruthless way, and thus red terror was to struggle with white until the evils complained of were either abolished or intensified to such an extent that the most phlegmatic Russian peasant could no longer endure them.

Sophia Gunzburg had no difficulty in attracting a sufficient number of lovesick young Russians who were smitten by her beauty and grace or made enthusiastic by her eloquence. She sacrificed without hesitation or regret all that a pure woman holds dearest in life in order to maintain her hold over these young Catilines. She was not, however, wholly a monster, nor was she exempt from all human weaknesses. She herself fell in love, desperately in love, with an educated young Russian, whose paramour she became, but whom she never initiated into her political plots, so that he continued down to the moment of his arrest in complete ignorance of the part she was playing as regicide. One of the unsuccessful attempts on the czar's life, chronicled in the Daily Telegraph in the early part of last year, was the work of one of Sophia Gunzburg's body guard, and had she not been arrested when she was, he present year of grace would prob-

ably have been the last of the reign of Alexander III.

When the prisoner had finished the impressive discourse containing the history of her life and crime, which had been occasionally interrupted by the questions and rebukes of the presiding dignitaries, the president asked her whether she felt no compunction for the abominable deed resolved and attempted to execute, no remorse for the cynical way in which she had divested herself of all feminine modesty. Her reply was an emphatic negative, which rang through the hall like the peal of a musical bell tolling for the death of a youthful bride, and was quickly followed by the solemn singing of the Judge pronouncing the sentence of ignominious death. Her companions were condemned to various terms of hard labor in the mines—a sentence surpassing in severity the most painful kind of death—all except one, her lover, who, being perfectly ignorant of her criminal plans, was finally released, after having languished in solitary confinement for a length of time sufficient to make him wish for a release into the life of this sublunar world or into the next. The emperor, when informed of the death sentence, commuted it into imprisonment for life.

## MAIDENS IN RUSSIA.

A Pen Picture of the Girl Subjects of the Mighty Czar.

The daughter is a great pet in Russian families, perhaps because there are generally more sons than daughters, says Madame Romanoff in the English Magazine. Take the younger members of the imperial family as an example, and we find twenty-two grand dukes and only seven grand duchesses; and this may be stated to be about the average proportion in most families. The necessity for men in the rural districts not assistants in the agricultural labor of their fathers, has given rise to a saying, "One son is no son; two sons are half a son; but three are a whole son." Notwithstanding the pride and satisfaction with which the birth of a boy is hailed, the little girl is the darling, the object of the tenderest affection and care of parents and brothers, not to speak of other adoring relatives. Much is not expected of her in the way of assistance in the family, she is indulged in as far as their means and circumstances permit, and she takes it quietly and as her due, but it is rarely that she does not voluntarily and tacitly contribute her share in helping her mother. Her occupations are much about the same as those of all European girls, but parish work in Russia existeth not for her. She cannot have classes at Sunday schools, as religion is taught by priests or deacons. It would be thought quite extraordinary and improper were a young unmarried girl to visit the sick or poor in towns, but in villages it is sometimes done under the direction of mamma or grandmamma. She is undoubtedly fond of pleasures, likes to be well dressed, and generally adores dancing. Music is not the Russian girl's forte, nor is solo singing. Most of the intitutes, though they thoroughly know the theory of music, play like a child of 12; of course, there are exceptions, but it is seldom you find a girl able to play a quadrille or polka of hand.

Girls marry very young in Russia and there are very few of those most estimable individuals called old maid. There are no colonies for the Russian to run away to; and statistics show that the birth of boys much exceed those of girls.

Long engagements are not approved of, they seldom last longer than a few months, during which time the fiance is the mistress of the house. Her girl friends assemble to help to sew the dowry, the sewing afternoon generally ending in a dance after tea, when the bridegroom drops in with a few bachelor friends. Another wedding is thus often arranged; and so on, little by little, like the fifty-one cards in the game of "old maid," they pair off, and one, generally of the sterner sex, is left forlorn.

## Buzzards in Charleston.

"Before the war," says an old tramp, "I was in the south quite a good deal and stopped at both the cities of Savannah and Charleston, and these places I noticed that on market days the buzzards were perched on the roofs of the market-houses, gazing down into the streets. I was told by a friend that such sights were common on market days and that if I waited I could see why the birds descended. I did so, and found that they descended to the ground and hunted for stray pieces of meat as soon as the market place was vacated. I also learned what was a more interesting fact, that the buzzards flew from one city to the other in regular succession on market days. This habit of being fed regularly is soon learned by birds, and they will flock to their feeding-ground with the precision of clock-work. In Venice there is a flock of pigeons that are fed every day in the public square, and the birds are on hand as regularly as noon comes. An Italian lady left a bequest to provide for their feeding." —New York Tribune.

## They Catch the Breeze.

When a man goes into anything he should always go into it with his whole soul, but it does seem a little absurd for a sprint-runner to shave himself clean in order to remove the obstruction caused when he runs by the wind blowing through his whiskers. —Somerville Journal.

## Saved Her the Trouble.

Landlady: "Let's see, Mr. Impecuone owes me for three weeks' board. You needn't mind dusting Mr. Impecuone's room this morning, Jane." Jane: "No, mum; the gentleman's done it himself." Landlady: "Done what?" Jane: "Dusted!"

## AN OLD-STYLE WEDDING.

### ONE OF THE SOCIAL EVENTS OF YANKEE LAND.

Such Scenes Were the Subject of Nine Days, gossip in the New England Village of Long Ago—The Groom and Person.

It was a crisp October afternoon. Outdoors the Yankee town was gay with autumnal foliage. In the tower of the town church the marriage bells were ringing joyously. The big farmhouse where the happy bride dwelt bustled with the preparations of the auspicious ceremony. A Yankee wedding is an event of varied and picturesque interest at all times. Dwellers in big cities seldom get a chance to witness a ceremonial so quaintly elaborate and attractive.

The bride of this particular lovely October day was a typical Yankee belle. She was the beauty of the town. A city chap, who had had a taste of the sea and had seen much of the world, had won her heart. He had captivated her with stories of adventure, and won her finally by the superior ease of his manner and skill of address. He was rather short in stature, with a little black moustache and an abundance of good humor.

The farmhouse door stood wide open, after the good old New England custom, in hospitable welcome to the guests that were already beginning to arrive.

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## A TERRIBLE ADVENTURE.

TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN ATTACKED BY BADGERS.

Thrilling Story of Woman's Bravery Under Terribly Trying Circumstances—Two Revolvers and Pluck Saves Them.

We ask five minutes' attention to an adventure of two ladies with a badger, the account of which we find in a carefully edited newspaper printed and published in the city of St. Louis, says the New York Tribune. In the consideration of this subject there are several things which we must not forget, the first of which is that the badger is a small animal, standing perhaps some 7 or 8 inches high. Its hair is quite long, its skin loose and very thick, and beneath this there is a layer of an inch or two of fat, so that the real badger, or, if we may so venture to put it, the poor badger, is even smaller than would be supposed from his outside appearance. With these facts firmly rooted in our memories we may proceed to a careful and unprejudiced consideration of the tale in question.

Two young ladies, wives of cavalry officers, left Fort Riley, in Kansas, one afternoon for a walk. While returning they were obliged to cross a ravine. At the bottom of this they came to a large tree which had been blown down. They scrambled upon the tree trunk to get across. They had scarcely done so when they heard an "angry growl," and on looking up they saw a badger on a ledge of rocks above them, the "fierce and angered creature" being "just ready for spring." We must not forget that the badger never gives vent to angry growls, unless, possibly, when driven into a corner by a dog, when (we desire to do full justice to the beast) he will fight stubbornly. We must remember, too, that the badger is not fierce, and that on this occasion he could not have been angered. Let us also keep in mind, in connection with the expected spring, that the badger's legs are only some four inches long.

The ladies at first were very much excited, as the animal appeared to them "as large as a lion," an optical illusion fortunately dispelled later on, or we should be obliged to remind the reader that the badger lives in a burrow rather less than six inches in diameter. One of the ladies jumped down from the tree trunk and ran up on a little ledge on the other side of the ravine some twenty feet or thereabouts from the badger.

The fierce beast instantly began to make preparations to leap across to her. Let us not forget that his legs were four inches long. He began lashing his lean sides with his tail. We should always keep clearly in mind the fact that a badger's tail is four and one half inches in length and of a decidedly rigid nature. It might, perhaps, be convenient for the badger to sit down on it while surveying a hillside with a view to sinking a winter burrow, but it should never be utilized for lashing purposes. Nor should we forget that the badger never has lean sides. Fortunately the two ladies had their husbands' revolvers with them. Soon the infuriated badger "sent his dark brown body flying across the ravine." We beg of the reader to remember the badger's four inch legs and two inches of fat. Nor is the American badger endowed by nature with wings.

The badger leaped, however, each lady fired her revolver, or, as the account has it, "two balls resounded through the air." The badger fell to the bottom of the ravine with a broken leg. At this point another badger, evidently the mate of the first one appeared, with his ears laid back in anger. Truth being our sole aim, let us bear in mind that the badger's ears are so small that they can not be seen at all without brushing away the hair. The new badger leaped up on the ledge (we need not again remind the reader of the badger's legs and general build) and seized hold of the lady's skirts and began pulling her down the bank, also lashing the air with its tail.

While this was going on the other lady, after several shots, succeeded in killing the first badger and came to the rescue of her friend. The badger was too close to shoot, so she "lifted a heavy rock" and "sent it with all the force both her hands could command," so that it "crushed upon the creature's back." This caused the badger to "break from its shrinking victim," "taking away a large mouthful of dress material," and to "turn on its antagonist." Both ladies now began shooting vigorously, and finally the infuriated monster, with a roar which shook the everlasting hills, rolled to the bottom of the ravine with a rumbling sound like an approaching earthquake, who it died.

We sincerely hope that the reader has derived much benefit from these few lines. To have done so, however, he must have kept constantly in mind these few well-known and indisputable facts: First, that the Kansas badger does not range the country like a mangling tiger looking for human victims; second, that he is a small animal, rather broader than he is high; third, that he is always fat to the point of obesity; fourth, that his legs are very short; fifth, that his ears are concealed by his long hair; sixth, that he has no wings or other flying apparatus; and seventh, that his tail is short and stubby like a sweet potato, rather than long and flexible like a garden-hose. If these few facts were kept continually in view, the intelligent reader can not but have obtained great profit from our article.

### A Dog Modiste.

The American Register describes the stores of a "dog modiste" in Paris. The sights were very amusing. The place was not so much of a store as an estab-

lishment, with halls and rooms richly furnished. Ladies tripped in and out all day long, most of the visitors having with them pugs or terriers. The pet dogs were scattered through the rooms, each awaiting his turn. Many small mats and rugs were around the waxed floors, and every bit of carpeting of the kind was occupied by some pretty little creature. These dogs have various dresses. The robe used in the morning is a garment of dark blue cloth. It is called a paltoet, and is lined with red flannel. From a leather collar little bells jingle as its wearer walks along. Sometimes a bunch of violets is fastened on the left shoulder of a dog. On very cold days the pet is clad in sealskin of the same pattern, the collar being in fur, mounted in silver.

### WHAT AND WHY.

"Hell to Pay and No Pitch Hot," With Other Sayings.

"Hell to pay and no pitch hot!" is a corruption of a nautical expression, "Hell to pay." To pay, in sailors' phraseology, means to lay hot tar on the scams or joints in a vessel. When the "hull," or body, of the vessel was to be thus covered it was a great job, and if the tar was not sufficiently heated much time would be required. Hence the dilemma, "Hell to pay and no pitch hot."

Cheshire, in England, was once noted for the manufacture of cheeses, which were often molded in fanciful shapes. One was made in the form of a cat, and was known to the trade as "the Cheshire cat." It is not surprising that this cheese cat wore an expressive grin.

In the suburbs of ancient Athens there was a famous garden and grove, owned by Academus, which was a popular resort for meditation or study. Plato taught his disciples in this grove, and it became after the death of Academus the property of the city. In it learning was encouraged and patronized, hence academy, a place of learning.

When people were traveling long distances, as early emigration to the far West, a cake which was mixed soft with flour and milk or water and baked before the camp-fire was called a "journey cake." This has been corrupted into Johnny cake.

Mansard roofs were first introduced in France in the seventeenth century by Francis Mansart, a celebrated architect.

About 1840, in the middle and early western states, there flourished a noted counterfeiter named Borghese, who flooded that section of the country with what was known as "Borghese currency." Bogus is a corruption of Borghese.—Boston Globe.

### Was Adam a Negro?

There has always been a tradition (I say always because no scholar, no odds how profound, has ever been able to trace it to its original source) among the Africans that the first man God created was a black man, and that the negro he and his consort received when God called upon them to know why they were in hiding after they had eaten of the forbidden fruit caused them to turn pale with sheer fright. How much of a basis of truth there is for this curious belief it would be hard to tell; antiquarian research having, during the last decade, added to rather than taken from the original tradition. The earliest memorial tablet found by the late George Smith in Palestine and other parts of the Orient give the tradition high credit. One of Mr. Smith's inscriptions, or tablets, which has been deposited in the British Museum in class "K," No. 3,364, gives an account of the creation of man by the god Mirku, or "Noble Crown," and runs as follows: "To fear them (the gods) he made man; the breath of life was in him. He is a dark chestnut, with fine action, a very fast walker, a sure breeder, his disposition is of the very best, a draft horse in every sense of the word, his stock no man need be ashamed of.

McDOUGALL BROS.  
Millburn, Ills.

### PHRENOLOGY.

Some of the Elusiveness of the Science Itself.

Schools are good things and do a great deal of good to the people who are compelled to use their heads as well as their hands in hewing out a living, but there are a good many things taught in schools that are not what they are cracked up to be. If the reader will pardon me for making use of classical figure of speech. One of these things is phrenology. When I was in school we formed a class for the study of this science, and we got along admirably, we got along in that way because we made so many discoveries that were of such importance to all of us. For instance, we discovered that one green and yellow youth from Ringgold county, Iowa, had all the ear marks of a great lawyer; he would be a Rufus Choate at the very least, his bulging brow, his quickness at repartee, his slowness in giving an opinion, and many other things that we discovered, all pointed surely to this conclusion.

A genius was discovered in every member of that class, and it is no wonder that we all believed implicitly in phrenology. Most men do believe in things that tend to give them taffy. That great independent lawyer now resides in the woods of Missouri, has seven children already, never has enough money on hand to buy a new shirt with, and is no more like a lawyer than a cigarette chromo is like a painting by Millais.

Once in company with a friend who was rather off on the subject of phrenology I visited a variety theatre. My friend soon made phrenological discovery. It was a man, and he said the man was the soul of gentleness, that gentleness was written in every lineament of his benignant countenance, and my friend talked so foolish about it that I was afraid we would be put out. Then we inquired who the man was and learned that he was the bouncer of the establishment, that he had aspirations in the prize-fighting way, and that his favorite amusement was to get drunk and whip his wife. My friend took the proper view of the case—that is, he set up the beer.

That is the way it goes with phrenology. I know a man who looks like an unformed horse thief and he is a preacher. I know a man who looks like the soul of honor, yet he is such a thief that he tries to beat his bookkeeper out of his salary every Saturday night. I know a woman who looks like a nun, and she is a box worker. (If you chance to be reading this aloud to the wife of your bosom, it may not be polite for you to admit any knowledge on the subject of box-workers. Tell her it is a woman who makes boxes).

You can't judge from appearances. An old curmudgeon who looks like a tramp may have a bank account that would make yours look sick; a sickly looking man with bent shoulders might thrash you so badly that you would not know whether you were an aching void or a veterinary hospital; and a man who doesn't look as though he knew enough to come in out of the wet may sometimes get a mortgage on your earthly possessions and sell you out to pay you up for making fun of him when he was poor. The best thing you can do is to look wise and keep your mouth shut; then only your wife will know what a fool you are.—Texas Sittings.

### Business and the Face.

A man's occupation has a great deal to do with making his facial expression. Studies, or scholarly professions, intellectual pursuits, when coupled with moral habits, brighten the face and give a superior look. An unseelish nature, or love of studies or arts, with a bright, pleasant face; but on the contrary, says the New York Ledger, a man who doesn't look as though he knew enough to come in out of the wet may sometimes get a mortgage on your earthly possessions and sell you out to pay you up for making fun of him when he was poor. The best thing you can do is to look wise and keep your mouth shut; then only your wife will know what a fool you are.

### Business and the Face.

John H. HUGHES,  
LAKE VILLA, ILLINOIS.

### Plenty of Faith.

Farmer (to tramp): "What are you sitting there for? I saw you in the same place yesterday." Tramp (on the fence): "Everything comes to him who waits; and I have been waiting two days for a square meal."

### A Careful Judge.

A careful judge: "Your name is Julia Miller?" "Yes, your honor." "Tell me how old you are." "Twenty-five, your honor?" "So! Well, now you have given your age, we will administer the oath."

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### KISMET.

Never were kisses so sweet as hers,  
Never were words so tender,  
Never were eyes so full of light,  
Never a waist so slender,  
Never again will her lips meet mine,  
Forever we two are parted;  
Oh, how I miss her—my love!—to-night,  
As I sit here, broken-hearted!

Only a trifl' brought my woe,  
Only a fate malicious,  
Only a thoughtless word or two,  
Only an answer vicious,  
Only a sulphurous little scene  
When we both turned green and yellow—  
And now, by jingo, she's been and gone  
And married another fellow!

—Somerville Journal.

### BRIGITTE'S FORTUNE.

Short, thin, dry and wrinkled as an apple that lay withered during a long winter, such was the good man, Farmer Landry. Indeed, he was one of those close-listed old peasants of whom it is graphically said that they can shave something from an egg shell.

Since the death of his wife he had retired from agriculture and lived alone in a little house at the end of the village.

And yet, not entirely alone, for he had with him his old servant Brigitte. But the poor woman counted for so little in the household, a little above the dog, but not so much as the monkey, that cost a hundred and twenty francs.

She entered his family at the age of twelve to guard the cows, and had been there ever since. She knew no other family life than this one, and the exceeding parsimony of the master seemed to her entirely natural. She was now a tall, half woman of fifty, red-faced, square-shouldered, with feet and hands that might have been the pride of a pugilistic trainer. While exacting very little in the way of compensation, she drudged like a pack horse; for indeed, she could not do otherwise in Farmer Landry's house. Besides in her simple mind existed a canine attachment and real admiration for her master, who was not ashamed to take advantage of her good nature.

Of course in the service of this miser Brigitte had not earned a fortune. But the honest creature was amply satisfied when the old peasant in a patronizing tone praised her zeal: "What a good simple creature you are, Brigitte, are you not?"

Then the good woman's mouth would open into a loud laugh.

"He! he! he! master! You have always your little manner of joking; he! he!"

One day while Farmer Landry was himself plastering his garden wall, so as not to pay the mason, he made a false step and fell into the pool just over the point where the deepest hole was. He splashed wildly about for a few moments, calling vainly for help with all the power of his lungs. At last worn out by his efforts, he was about to sink from sight, when Brigitte at last heard him. The devoted creature courageously jumped into the water, at the risk of drowning herself. She succeeded in pulling him to the bank; he was entirely unconscious, but she raised him in her strong arms, as she would a child, put him to bed, and with rubbing and remedies recalled him to life. On seeing him open his eyes, the good Brigitte shed tears of joy.

"Ah, good master, how glad I am that you are not drowned and buried in that hole!"

The old peasant was glad of it, too, although he had one lively regret—the loss of his trowel, which fell into the water at the same time with himself. However, he had the decency not to express the wish that Brigitte should return and jump in after that also. Indeed, in the first impulse of gratitude, he said to his servant with a touch of emotion:

"It is you who pulled me out of the hole; I shall never forget it, my good girl, you may be assured of that. I am going to make you a present."

"Oh, master, indeed there is no need of that!"

"But I tell you I will give you something; don't doubt it!"

And really, the same evening, after a thousand hesitations, he drew forth his long leather purse and called Brigitte to him. While making a grimace like one having a tooth drawn, he selected a silver piece of twenty cents.

Here, Brigitte, is your present. It shall not be counted in your wages, you know. Oh, no, this is not extra outside of your wages. Do not be extravagant with it; that would be a sin.

For the service rendered it was not unbridled generosity on the part of the giver, and the former had some dim intimation of the fact, for he added (as to enhance its value):

"It is just the price of a lottery ticket. Buy one, my girl, and you may win twenty thousand dollars."

It was the first time in his life that the poor man allowed himself to be so liberal, so the thought of it haunted him for a long time; he constantly wondered about the fate of his bright silver piece. He often asked the servant if she had yet bought her lottery ticket.

"Not yet, Master," was her unvarying answer.

But at length she decided to end this constant questioning by pacifying him. So one day she replied:

"Yes, Master, I have bought one."

"Indeed! What number?"

"Oh, the number is 34."

"Very good!" said her master, repeating the number to impress it on his mind. "Be careful not to lose it!"

"Never fear, master."

"Because if you do fear sometime to lose it—"

The habits of daily life in the little household, disturbed by these events, soon settled into their regular course; eating sparingly, very temperate drinking, few hours for sleeping and many for work.

Farmer Landry was almost consoled for his forced prodigality, when one morning, in the barber shop, where he went from time to time to read gratis the *Gazette*, a terrible emotion shook him. He read the result of the lottery drawing, and at the head these words, like lines of fire flashed before the dazed spectacles of the good man:

"The number thirty-four has won the great prize of 100,000 francs. The old gentleman gave such a sudden cry that the startled barber, in turning towards him, almost clipped a corner from the ear of the schoolmaster, whom he was shaving.

"What's the matter, Father Landry?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing, nothing," answered the farmer, who quickly recovered his calmness.

Rearranging his spectacles, he read again slowly, spelling each syllable to make assurance doubly sure."

There was no mistake; the number 34, Brigitte's ticket, had won. He dropped the journal and started off in great agitation towards his house. Brigitte had prepared her master's frugal breakfast of nuts and cheese. He placed himself at the table, but he could not eat, for his emotion seemed to clinch his throat and prevent him from swallowing.

"What is the matter, Master?" anxiously asked Brigitte.

"Nothing at all."

"You are not ill?"

"No, I tell you," he answered anxiously.

During several days he exactly observed the poor woman. Did she know that she had won 100,000 francs? No indeed! Entirely ignorant that she was the object of such close scrutiny, she performed her daily tasks with her usual good humor, while her master was in a fever of unrest.

One day he dared to ask her, trembling while doing so:

"Is there any news, my good girl?"

"Nothing, Master, except that one of the hens has the pip."

Very good! She knew nothing about her good fortune. As for announcing it to her—that was entirely too much for his nature and long life habit. It seemed to him monstrous that another should profit by this marvellous windfall of a hundred thousand francs, produced by his piece of twenty sous—his own bright, silver bit! Time was lengthened from days to weeks. This entry in the journal (he really bought a copy of the one containing the announcement) formally stated that after a delay of three months the unclaimed prizes would be employed for a new capital.

The poor man had no more appetite for eating or drinking, or power to sleep; he was dying of uneasiness. Twenty times he was on the point of speaking of the ticket to Brigitte; and twenty times he bit the tip of his tongue. One word only might put his servant in the way to learn her good fortune.

One morning, after an unusually sleepless night passed in turning and returning in his bed, he arose with a smile on his thin lips. He had found a key to the problem. He commenced by ordering Brigitte to kill the plumpest chicken and to cook it in the oven with a good piece of pork. In the meanwhile, he brought from the cellar, where it was hid behind the fagots, a bottle of old wine. And finally he gave his servant money to buy coffee, sugar and brandy.

Brigitte asked herself if her master had gone mad?

"Surely some demon has taken possession of his mind!" she thought with a thrill of fear.

It seemed a fearful increase of the malady when the old gentleman, after having ordered her to lay the table for two, asked her to take her place as his vis-à-vis.

"Oh, Master, I should never, never dare to do that!"

"Sit down there, I tell you, you foolish woman!"

Brigitte had heard that one must not oppose the wishes of maniacs.

So, without answering, she seated herself in great embarrassment on the edge of the chair.

"Come, eat and drink, Brigitte, my girl," he said, filling her plate generously.

However, this was not the last surprise for Brigitte. When the coffee was served the old gentleman suddenly said:

"You see, my good Brigitte, this means that I am going to get married!"

"Indeed, master, it is not yet too late; if you are old, you are still halo and well," answered the simple servant approvingly.

"Since that is your view, if you like, we will marry each other."

After the roast chicken and pork, the coffee and wine, Brigitte expected to hear almost any strange thing on the part of her master. But that! Oh, not that!

"You are joking me, master!"

"Not at all," answered the old peasant. "He explained that he was growing old, was without children or family, and did not wish to die alone like a dog. Besides, he was grateful! He could not forget that Brigitte had saved his life—his faithful Brigitte. One must not be forgetful of such a service.

Finally, the worthy woman, whose head was turned by this stroke of good fortune, believed in his sincerity. She, a humble servant, marry her master? Think of it! It was, indeed, something to turn one's brain.

The bands were published, and the marriage followed. The couple were greeted at the church by the good-natured smiles of the whole village.

After the ceremony the new husband hurriedly conducted his wife home.

Having crossed the threshold, he hastily demanded in a joyful voice, while energetically rubbing his hands,

"Brigitte, my girl, where have you put your ticket?"

"What ticket?"

"Your lottery ticket, No. 34?"

"What lottery?"

"You know very well," he cried, impatiently. "The one you bought with my twenty-sous piece, that I gave you!"

The bride began to laugh stupidly.

"Ah, the twenty sous? Listen, Master."

"One seldom wins in those lotteries.

It was very cold last winter, very cold."

"Well, well?" interrogated Landry.

"Oh, indeed," she concluded. "I did not buy the ticket. With the money I bought me some good fur-lined slippers, which I was sure would do me good, Yes, indeed."

### REDPATH AND DAVIS.

The intimacy between the abolitionists and the Confederate leaders.

The career of Mr. Redpath was remarkable for its vicissitudes, says the Boston Herald. Though not an old man at his death, he had been through stranger and more marked extremes of fortune and experience than most men of his generation. His connection with the underground railroad in Kansas twenty-five years ago, and his relations with John Brown, are well known. They represent one phase of his life, but he was appointed for him to have an experience with the leader of the pro-slavery cause in which his position was absolutely unique. Nothing he ever did was so unexpected as his intimacy with Jefferson Davis two or three years before his death. While connected with the North American Review it became necessary for him to meet Mr. Davis in his own home. Two men more unlike could not have been selected for companionship, but there grew up such a friendship between them that Mr. Redpath became the assistant and adviser of Mr. Davis in preparation of his political memoirs, and was in the closest literary and personal relations with the ex-Confederate chief until his death, still assisting Mrs. Davis after that event in the preparation and final publication of the biography of her husband.

He made his mark as a friend of the Irish as well as of the negro, but his affiliation with Mr. Davis was the strangest of all strange experiences through which he passed. The most radical man at the north and the most radical man in the south met together, and were closeted for weeks in which each had been in conviction at the furthest remove from the other, and during all this companionship they lived in entire harmony, and never ceased the courtesy of friendship. It

was not until the day of his death that the two men were separated, and then it was only to find that Mr. Redpath had been buried in the same grave as his old master, Jefferson Davis.

WELL-BAKED BREAD.

Leaves that have been for seventeen centuries in an oven.

In the exhumation of Pompeii one house was discovered which was evidently in a state of repair when the volcanic storm buried it. Painters, decorators and cleaners were masters of the situation. The household gods were all in disorder, and the family, not out of town, must have been undergoing that condition of misery which spring cleanings and other like afflictions surely entail. Painters' pots and brushes and workmen's tools were scattered all over the house. Tell-tale spots of whitewash starred the wall and floor. Such domestic implements as pots and kettles had been bundled up in a corner all by themselves, and the cook was not est.

Dinner, however, had not been forgotten. A solitary pot stood simmering. If it ever did simmer, on the stove. There was a bronze dish in waiting before the oven, and on the dish a sucking-pig, all ready to be baked, but the oven was already engaged with its full complement of bread. So the pig had to wait, and it never entered the oven, and the leaves were never taken out till after the lapse of 1,700 years. They had been baking since August 24, A. D. '79. There were twenty-one of them—rather crusty, of course, and rather dark-colored, but perfectly preserved.

ACCENTS OF BEAUTY.

There are comparatively harmless ways of accentuating natural beauty, says Shirley Dare. For instance, perfumes may be indulged in by everybody for their stimulating and refreshing properties especially lavender, lemon, roses, violets, sage and benzoin. Thick lips can be reduced by rubbing with tannin. Pale lips can be induced to show color by friction with dark grapes. Lemon, orange and cucumber peels are excellent for the complexion. Let them soak in water, for they not only soften, but tonify and freshen the complexion, keeping the flesh healthy and firm. When wiping the face always wipe upward, for this saves many a wrinkle and furrow under the chin. The eyes should always be wiped toward the nose, as it prevents out the fine lines from the corners.

THE SHAMROCK.

The Shamrock, Ireland's emblem, is a trefoil, or three-leaved grass, much resembling our white clover. According to tradition, when St. Patrick landed near Wicklow, in 433, the pagan inhabitants were on the point of stoning him to death; but, having obtained a hearing, he endeavored to explain to them the Trinity-in-Unity, but they could not understand it. At last he stooped and plucked a trefoil (Shamrock), and said, "Is it not as possible for the Father, Son and Holy Ghost to be one, as it is for these three leaves to grow upon a single stalk?" The Irish were convinced, and the Shamrock was adopted as the national emblem.

### COURTED HIS WIFE.

Unlocked for result of Polhemus' experience.

"I'll do it."

Polhemus Dilz laid down the paper he was reading, put his nose glasses back in his pocket, took his hat and overcoat down from their hook, and started home.

"I'll do it," he repeated to himself, as he walked along. "I'll court my wife as if she were a girl again, the way the fellow did in that newspaper story. I expect it'll go pretty tough," he reflected, throwing away his cigar and wiping his mouth carefully as he approached his home. "I've been a good deal of a rhinoceros about the house and it's a hard thing to break off old habits all at once, but I'll give it a trial if it takes the hide off."

Mr. Dilz entered the house, hung his hat and overcoat in the hall, instead of throwing them down in a heap on the sofa in his usual fashion. Then he went on tiptoe upstairs, put on his best necktie, combed his hair carefully, and came softly down the stairs again.

"Mary Jane!" he called out. "Where are you, dear?"

"Out here," answered a voice in the kitchen. "Did you bring that package of chocolate I told you not to forget when you went down town this morning?"

"Why, no," said Mr. Dilz, regretfully, as he went into the kitchen. "I forgot it, dear."

Mrs. Dilz looked at him suspiciously. He hadn't called her "dear" in eleven years.

"You forgot it? Humph! I just expected it. What are you up to now?"

This query, somewhat sharply uttered, was prompted by an unexpected forward movement on the part of Mr. Dilz.

"Don't you see I'm cleaning this chicken?" she exclaimed. "Look out! You'll make me cut myself. I'm working at the gizzard. A man has no business poking round in the kitchen when he can't do any good."

Mr. Dilz stepped back. He had intended to kiss his wife, but concluded to postpone the matter for little while.

"Mary Jane," he said, "my dear—What are you all slicked up for, anyhow? Going anywhere?"

"No, love. I expect to spend the rest of the day at home. I came an hour or two earlier, thinking—"

"I wish you had brought that chocolate. That's what I wish."

"Darling," said Mr. Dilz, "I—that's no way to go to work at a gizzard. Let me—"

"Maybe you know more about this kind of work than I do. Maybe I haven't cleaned hundreds of chickens since I've been keeping house. What are you snooping around out here for, anyhow, with your hair all plastered down and that stain on your face?"

"My dear Mary Jane, I—"

"Polhemus," broke in his wife, laying down the portion of the fowl's anatomy she had been dissecting, and looking at him keenly, "what on earth is the object of this palaver? What now dodge are you trying to work?"



## CHICAGO AMUSEMENTS

A List of Chicago's Most Popular Theaters.

### THE AUDITORIUM—THOMAS CONCERTS.

One week, commencing Monday, April 27th. Theo. Thomas and his unrivaled New York Orchestra, assisted by Miss Marie Jahn, Soprano (from the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City), and the popular Violinist, Max Bendix. Seven popular programs. Popular prices: Entire main floor, \$1.00; main balcony, 75 cents and 50 cents. Special notice: A branch box-office has been established in the Inter Ocean building (corner Dearborn and Madison streets), where choice seats and boxes can be had at regular prices.

### CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE.

The second week of the McCaul Opera company at the Chicago Opera house promises to be larger financially than the first. "The Tar and the Tartar," Harry B. Smith's and Adam Izell's new opera, seems to have struck the popular fancy, and, interpreted by the excellent company of players that the McCaul company possesses, it is an undoubted success. The last performance of the opera will be Sunday night, April 26. On Monday evening, April 27, the long-looked-for engagement of Wm. H. Crane in his new American comedy, "The Senator," will begin at the Chicago Opera house. For 277 nights in New York the piece played a more successful engagement than any play ever seen in that city. The following story forms the basis of the plot of "The Senator." In 1814 the American privateer brig Gen. Armstrong put into Fayal, which, when war was being waged between America and England, was a neutral port. A British squadron attacked the Gen. Armstrong, and the odds being too great for the American commander he scuttled his ship and was forced to abandon her. The claim of the commander of the Gen. Armstrong for damages for the loss of his vessel in a neutral port was pressed for many years, and after a lapse of sixty years justice was done, and the sum of \$70,000 was awarded to the heirs of Capt. Reid.

### M'VICKER'S NEW THEATER.

Monday, April 27, Saturday matinee only, the charming, the inimitable Lotta. First production in Chicago of the new musical comedy, "Inn," from the French by A. K. Fulton. Lotta in six characters. Special new scenery, handsome properties, etc., directoire costumes, carefully selected company. McVicker's regular prices, \$1.50, \$1.00, 75, 50 and 25c. Next week—Last week of Lotta.

### GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

You can go to San Francisco for \$1.50. How? Secure a seat at the Grand Opera House for Hoyt's latest funny satirical success, "A Trip to Chinatown." Third week. Crowded houses. Matines Wednesday and Saturday. Next week, third and last week of "A Trip to Chinatown."

### HOOLEY'S.

Monday, April 27, Saturday matinee only. Willard. A great actor, intense acting. A perfect furore of applause. No actor visiting Chicago in late years so carried his audience with him from rise to fall of curtain. One of the foremost of English-speaking actors. Third week. Monday, April 27, third and last week of Mr. E. S. Willard, when will be presented "Judah."

### HAYLIN'S THEATRE.

Mr. Haylin will have the pleasure of presenting to his patrons for the week beginning Sunday matinee, April 26th, the Irish comedian, Pat Rooney, and his charming lit'l daughter, supported by his company in "Pat's New Wardrobe." An Eastern exchange has this to say of the play and star: "Pat's New Wardrobe" is the name of the new three-act comedy in which Mr. Pat Rooney and his company appeared last evening before an audience which crowded the house in every part. It was the first presentation of the piece this season in the city, but it will not be the last, by a good many times, judging from the manner of its reception. The audience began to laugh almost directly upon the rising of the curtain, and continued to do so until its fall, with cessation only when specialty business was introduced, and not always then. "Pat's New Wardrobe" was undoubtedly written for the sole purpose of keeping an audience in a state of merriment."

### THE PEOPLE'S.

Second week, commencing Sunday matinee, April 26, the Vaudis Sisters refined European vaudevilles. A grand coterie of brilliant novelties, bright and sparkling. Entire change of programme, now specialties. Coming, the event of the season, Steele Mackay's famous sensational drama, "Money Mad."

### NEW WINDSOR.

Commencing with a Sunday matinee, April 26th, Miss Sybil Johnston, supported by the same troupe that made the Clementine case so popular in the East, will play a week's engagement at the New Windsor. Matines Wednesday and Saturday, as usual.

### JACOB LITT'S STANDARD.

One week, commencing Sunday matinee, April 26, James B. Mackie ("Grimsey, me boy") in his new and laughable musical burlesque in three acts, "Grimsey's Cellar Door," by Thomas Mad.

### H. B. JACOB'S ACADEMY.

Beginning next Sunday matinee, April 26th, "Money Mad." Matines Thursday and Saturday.

MADISON STREET OPERA HOUSE.  
Matines, Today, Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday. Matinee prices, 25 and 50c. Next week—Parisian Folly and Spectacular Company.

### CLARK ST. THEATRE.

Commencing Monday, April 26, for one week only, the Manning Opera Company.

### EXPOSITION BUILDING.

The great Orange Carnival and semi-tropic display of plants, fruits and products; thousands attend daily to witness California's grand advance opening of the World's Fair. Concerts and select programmes by the Second Regiment Band Saturday afternoon and evening. Sacred concert Sunday at 2 p. m. Saturday, Children's day, 10c. Open from 9 a. m. to 10 p. m. Sunday from 2 p. m. Admission, 25c; children, 15c.

### CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

All lovers of high-class music will learn with pleasure that the Boston Symphony Orchestra, under the efficient direction of Arthur Neikisch will appear at Central Music Hall on the evenings of May 6th and 7th, with Saturday matinee May 8th. This superb organization is second to none and its concerts arouse the greatest enthusiasm wherever they are heard. Every seat in Boston Music Hall was sold nearly three weeks before the first concert was given. In all the large Eastern cities they have found crowds of the music-loving public, thronging to enjoy the treat which no other orchestra in this country can provide. The soloists are pre-eminent in their excellent work and all that is possible has been done to make it the finest organization of its kind to be found anywhere.

Sents can be obtained in advance of Mr. Ed. N. Ballantine, 94 La Salle street.

### LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.

Wabash ave., between 14th and 16th Streets, Libby Prison, the only war museum in America. A wonderful exhibition of historic relics. Open from 8 a. m. to 10 p. m., Sundays included. Admission, 50c.; children, 25c.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

John G. Whittier is quoted by the Danvers, Mass., correspondent of the New York Sun as saying: "My writing days are over."

The police of Boston are to endeavor to stop the sale of cigars and tobacco on Sunday. The movement is inspired by an association of tobacco dealers who close on the Sabbath, and is directed principally against apothecary shops and stationery stores.

In handling any wire laying over any of the ordinary street wires, especially such as convey currents for electric lighting, use a dry hand line for the purpose, or grasp the wire with insulated pliers. An ordinary clothesline may become the conductor of a deadly current.

Count von Moltke compels all the members of his household to spend at least an hour each day in the open air, even if the rain is pouring. He attributes his good health to regular outdoor exercise and moderation in all things. Although he is in his 61st year he often walks four miles a day.

The inhabitants of the interior of the Fiji Islands will not partake of food while a cloud is in sight, especially if the cloud is in the west, fearing that the "Great Ait Whale," whose bellowing (thunder) is often heard in that country, will pounce upon and utterly annihilate them for such irreverence.

Fred Walker, aged 110 years, is undoubtedly the oldest man in west Tennessee. He lived in Savannah. Mr. Walker stated that he had voted for every president of the United States, from Thomas Jefferson down to the last presidential election. Mr. Walker makes his living by robbing the county clerk of McNair county, which proves that his sight is good.

### FOR SALE.

Railroad Lands in Southern Illinois.

The Illinois Central Railroad Company are offering lands at so low a price that it seems absurd to tell what they are capable of producing, yet it is a fact that the crops from apple orchards are yielding from \$300 to \$500 per acre. There are many fruit-growers, who are realizing each year from \$150 to \$500 per acre for their fruit and early vegetables, and some who are realizing \$1000 per acre. These of course are successful men of business, who study how to do it. Do you want the same chance to make money? You can have it by going into this country and buying some of the same lands from the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and by applying the ability you have in business manner to their improvement and cultivation, you can have in a short time as valuable land as that of a successful fruit grower, on the line of this railroad, who sold the other day, "I have brought my land to such a high state of cultivation that no one can buy it from me for \$500 per acre, as I can not \$100 per acre off it every year."

Most of the lands offered for sale by the Illinois Central Railroad Company can be made to produce the same results. They lie along the line of this railroad at a distance of from 3 to 15 miles and the country is traversed by many other railroads, thus affording every facility for transportation of early fruits and vegetables to any market that may be selected. Fruit express trains are being run daily to Chicago, St. Louis and other points. Sheep raising is as profitable on the hill lands there as in any place in Ohio.

Address or call upon

E. P. SKENE,  
Land Commissioner I. C. R. R. Co.,  
78 Michigan avenue, Chicago.

### THE BOBTOWN WITCHES

#### SURVIVING DISCIPLES OF AN OLD SUPERSTITION.

Strange Delusions Still Prevalent in Pennsylvania Hamlet—Life Killed and Ate His Aunt's Ghost—A Silver Bullet Used.

The belief in witchcraft, developed about three years ago in the isolated hamlet of Bobtown, in Logan township, Mifflin county, has spread until now there is hardly a dozen families in the entire region free from its influence. So says a writer in the New York Sun. The village of Bobtown is the headquarters of this superstitious sect. They frequently congregate at the home of some congenial spirit and talk over matters pertaining to their strange beliefs. They are extremely chary of admitting strangers into their household, and under no circumstances will they divulge aught of their peculiar belief and practices.

There are two witches in this part of the globe, one a resident of Millroy and the other of Bobtown. Logan has a "doctor," or one who has the power to remove the "spell" from the victims after the unholy eye of the witch has "looked upon" them. Many are the stories related of the machinations of the witches and the power of the "doctor" to cure the magic spell. About three months ago a little child lay sick for several weeks and the child's parents believed that it was a victim of a witch's bane. The suspected witch was believed to be a resident of Logan. One dreary night in November the witch doctor of this place was sent for and after a long powwow the spell which the witch and her colleague, the prince of darkness, had wrought yielded to the secret power of the "doctor." This particular case was heralded broadcast and made a host of visitors.

Another similar case of recent occurrence has created no end of comment in the neighborhood. In this instance the enchanted one was a young married woman, whose case baffled the cunning of the witch doctor. His power failed to remove the "spell" of the sorceress, but he advised the husband to send his wife away, which he did, and to wear certain beads around his neck to guard against becoming bewitched himself. These beads were furnished by the "doctor," and are supposed to be potent in resisting the powers of sorcery. The woman has since returned to her husband fully restored, and he has laid aside the magical beads. Perhaps the most serious case resulting from this strange hallucination in this neighborhood is that of a young married woman whose reason has been dethroned.

The time-worn silver bullet story still holds mastery over the minds of these deluded creatures. A certain man's maiden aunt, who was a member of the household, was suspected of being a bad witch, possessing the occult power of transforming herself into any animal that her capricious fancy might suggest. It is the firm belief among her simple-minded associates that she enchanted scores of persons and wrought much mischief. During these supposed periodical transformations she was frequently absent for days at a time, when it was believed she existed in animal form. The nephew had devised many ways of ridding himself of his witch aunt, but she was sufficiently cunning to frustrate all his plans.

Finally, it is said he consulted a witch doctor, who advised him to shoot her with a silver bullet while she was detected in the form of an animal. He had not long to wait for an opportunity, as the troublesome aunt transformed herself into a deer soon afterward. The deer, or his aunt, as the case may be, was shot with the silver bullet and eaten, thus terminating the career of one bad witch. At any rate, the suspected witch has not since returned in the human form, and the consequence is that the nephew's wife has gone hopelessly insane.

Surrendered at Night.

The Duchess of Malakoff, was, as a girl, the intimate friend of the Empress Eugenie—in fact the empress and she were, as we recollect, near akin. Walking in the garden of the palace one day, who should heave in sight but Marshal Malakoff, notoriously the roughest and rudest man in all the French service.

"Ough! There is that bear again!" quoth the empress, with a shudder of genuine horror; but her young companion said nothing.

The marshal, approaching and bowing to the ladies, besought the younger one to honor him with the rose she had just plucked.

"Certainly, I will give it to you," answered the girl, sweetly; "but how can a rose please you, who live only for laurels?"

This answer completely staggered the marshal; in another moment he was hopelessly and wildly in love with that girl, and it is to his credit that he prosecuted the campaign so diligently that a year later the beautiful creature became his wife. Speaking of the episode in the garden Malakoff used to say: "I thought I was hard to conquer, but in that case, parbleu! I surrendered at the very first fire!"—Chicago News.

They Go Quickly.

The heroes of the civil war have disappeared much sooner after its close than did those of the revolution. It was half a century after the Declaration of Independence before Adams and Jefferson died, and the year before their death the White House had been vacated by a president who had joined the army in 1776. It is but thirty years now since the firing on Fort Sumter, and the great leaders of that period in both civil and military life are all gone.

### RUSSIAN CRUELTY.

Stepnaike Relates Some Sample Instances of Its Exercise.

"One of the number of children sent to Siberia that year was a boy of 15. He was arrested and confined in a fortress because he refused to betray a friend. Probably he was unable to tell the gendarmes what they wanted to know. When they were about to sentence him to exile he said to his prosecutors:

"I have done nothing. I am not dangerous."

"No, you are not dangerous now," said the gendarme who acted as judge, "but you may be some day."

"The lad died in Siberia."

That is how they dispose of the "criminal" classes in Russia. If the police think a boy is likely to become anything amiss in the German navy, the work at the imperial yards is slow, defective and expensive, he says, and all reforms are prevented by official red tape.

Some years ago a gunboat which once patrolled the Seine was captured by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war.

It disappeared one night from its moorings near Coblenz. No trace of it could be got for several days. Eventually it was discovered that Herr Tilger, with half a dozen hired men, had slipped it down the Rhine in the darkness and fog and had sold it in a Dutch port. All the efforts to get the stolen boat or the pirate failed.

Two weeks ago a gunboat which once patrolled the Seine was captured by the Germans in the Franco-Prussian war.

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